INTERNATIONAL club

PUBLISHED BY
PAUL RAYMOND
VOLUME 15 NUMBER 3

£1.20
ITALY Lire 6500
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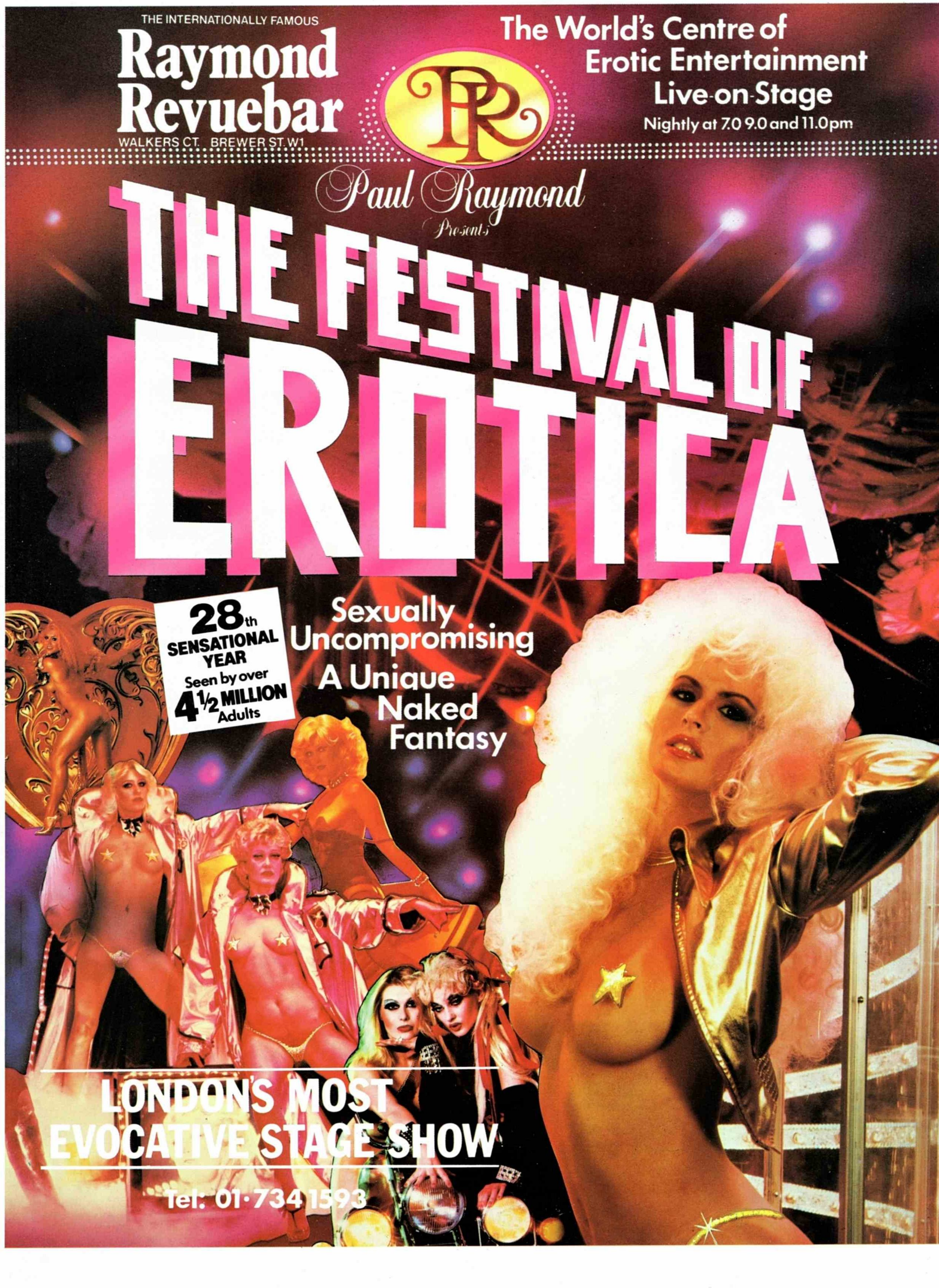

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club Contents

Glamorous 'chancer' – page 90

READERS' WRITES Page 4
Your Letters

TERESA Page 8
Photos by Serge Jacques

HOORAY FOR HENRIETTA! Page 14
Edited by Nigel Buxton

LIFE WITH LINZI Page 20
Linzi Drew

SKETCH CLUB Page 30
Saucy Cartoons

HAZEL Page 32
Photos by Geoff Watts

CLUB PORTRAIT Page 38
Tym Manley talks to Vic Marchant

JOYCE Page 44
Photos by Serge Jacques

See page 65 for lots more bubbles and spray . . .

Dawn joins the elite on page 72

CLASSIC BOOK CLUB Page 52
The Riding Lesson

THE FRENCH CONNECTION Page 56
Photos by Rupert Daines

CLUB COMIC Page 62
Brian O'Hanlon meets Roger de Courcey

CLUB EVENT Page 65
Photos by Paul Diamond

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF . . . Page 70
The Godfather

CLUB BIKER Page 72
Dawn Beaven

DOMINIQUE Page 79
Photos by Danny Croquet

WOMEN'S WRITES Page 84
Lady Readers' Indiscretions

CLUB CHANCE Page 90
Photos by Paul Diamond

Publisher: Paul Raymond; **Editor:** David Dimmock; **Deputy Editor:** Chris Lloyd; **Assistant Editor:** Robert McCabe; **Art Director:** Ian Midson; **Assistant Art Director:** Tony Foo; **Art Assistants:** Simon Beré and Mitchell Davies; **Production Editor:** Nicholas Whittaker; **Advertisement Director:** James Macleod; **Classified Advertisements:** Angie Ellis; **Circulation Director:** Mike Stall; **Chief Executive and Legal Advisor:** Carl Snitcher

Published by Paul Raymond Publications Ltd, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE. Tel: 01-734 9191. Filmset by Crawley Composition Ltd, Crawley, Sussex. Colour by Technik, Berkhamstead, printed Web Offset by HunterPrint Group Plc. Fiction; all characters are fictitious and there is no intended reference to persons either living or dead. This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions: namely that it shall not, without the consent of the publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever. All contributions, including colour transparencies or photographs submitted to the magazine are sent at the owner's risk, and while every care is taken, neither Paul Raymond Publications Ltd, nor its agents, accept liability for loss or damage. Distributed by COMAG, Tavistock Road, West Drayton, Middlesex UB7 7OE (West Drayton 4405).
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READERS WRITES

Readers wishing to contribute should write to Readers' Writes, Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE

Hair Apparent

Club's getting a bit too smooth for my liking. Every time I've picked up a copy just recently, there's pictures of shaven havens, letters from blokes who seem to think a bald fanny is the ultimate turn-on and, worse still, even pictures of that abomination, cunts with five o'clock shadow. It's not for me! What happened to the good old natural look?

I happen to think it's far more of a turn-on to see a woman with a nice bush between her thighs – be it blonde, brown or black. The more the merrier, as far as I'm concerned. Nothing compares with getting one's head down amongst those curly sweet-smelling follicles – it's like an X-certificate version of candy floss (and what's better, it's an everlasting munch). All my women have had generous amounts of pubes, and the feel of the hair brushing my cheeks and lips as I go muff-diving is a thrill beyond compare.

So let's have less of those bald minges with their grotesque stubble and protruding labial lips. A nice bush on a woman adds a little bit of mystery, keeping things veiled until the right moment.

Okay, Club? You've had my request – hairy fannies, and lots of them. *Alan, Pontefract*

April Power

I'd like to thank you for the adorable pictures of April (Vol 14 No 11). I've been buying your magazine for four years now, and I've seen some fabulous-looking girls adorn your pages. But no one has matched April; she must be the most beautiful woman I've ever seen (she's certainly the sexiest).

As soon as I turned to the first page of her set, I could feel my cock getting harder. So when I saw her revealing her delicious pussy for the first time, it wasn't long before I was wanking over her.

I must say she looks great in all the pictures, but my favourite has to be the centrespread. Lying down on that chair with her legs apart, running her hands gently over her gorgeous breasts, she looks fantastic. I certainly wish I was there with her, as she looks as though she's just dreaming of being fucked.

Reading what April has to say in *Girl Talk*, it does seem she has posed for you more for pleasure than money. So I'm sure you could manage to persuade her to appear again.

Mark, Newcastle

Every Cloud. . .

About two years ago, I was told I had cancerous growths in both my knees, and that if radiotherapy treatment didn't work, my legs would both have to come off.

I worried and worried about this. My girlfriend left me as I couldn't satisfy her – because of the stress, I couldn't get a hard-on. Anyway, to cut a long story short, the treatment didn't work and I ended up having both legs amputated above the knees, leaving me with little more than six inches of left and right legs.

I learned to walk properly on artificial legs. Luckily, some of my old pals still kept in touch, and, two or three times a week, one of them in turn would come to my house and help bathe me fully.

Also, since my operation, I have taken up body building, and now possess a muscular upper torso.

The reason I've explained all this to you is as follows:

On a particular Thursday night some two weeks ago, my mate Jim was supposed to be coming round to my house to help me in and out of the bath. I had prepared everything and thought that, to save time, I would just leave my shorts on (I'd been weightlifting).

When the bell rang, I opened the door and saw – to my horror – not Jim, but a rather striking redhead. She looked at me and blushed furiously: I did likewise. She said she was sorry to embarrass me, but Jim wasn't well and none of my other mates could be contacted. She was Jim's sister, so she'd come round to see if she could offer any help. I invited her in, conscious more than ever of my short shorts and exposed plastic and metal limbs.

Luckily, the legs I wear are of the more modern kind that don't require waist straps. They fit neatly around the top of my thigh and my crotch, so the only thing that shows when wearing shorts is the full plastic limb.

She looked at me and fidgeted a little. She said she hadn't realized I was *completely* legless, but that the sight of my artificial legs and heavily-muscled chest was beginning to turn her on.

I was aware of the beginning of an even bigger hard-on than usual and my shorts were trying – not very successfully – to conceal my hardening, throbbing tool. She introduced herself as Linda and came right out with the fact that she wanted to make love to me.

I didn't need any more encouragement. I lowered my shorts, and she removed them. Then she took off her dress, and – bloody hell! – she was stark bollock naked underneath.

We both lay on the bed. I released both the vacuum valves at the top of my legs and removed them. She took my nine-inch circumcized tool and started to suck me off, and before I could control myself, I shot my load into her and she gobbled it all down.

She then moved off my dick and turned around. By now, my cock was again hot and throbbing for more action, so she lowered herself on to it and gently moved up and down, at the same time licking all her juices off my leg stump.

After two hours of bliss, I crawled over to the bath and lowered myself into the nearly-cold water. She washed me all over, and when I had dried myself and put on a clean T-shirt, she gave me my legs, which I put on. I was mobile again.

I put on an old pair of running shorts, in which the liner had been ripped. Linda came back into my bedroom and looked at me. She said I looked even more sexy with a pair of shorts on that showed my helmet below them. I looked down . . . and blow me! There, hanging from my inside leg was my limp tool showing its head.

April May March on, as far as Mark is concerned . . .

Quite honestly, it wasn't the tool I was used to: even limp, it was about six inches long. I needed no further urging. As I grew hard again, Linda lifted up her dress. While still standing up, I fucked her well and hard until I suddenly came. It ended up with my come and her juices running down my clean shorts and her legs. We compromized and had another bath, this time together.

Needless to say, Linda always comes round now to see to my bathing requirements.

John, Liverpool

Top Ten Corner

1. Sue Lawley (newsreader)
2. Debbie Rix (TV presenter)
3. Princess Diana
4. Dana (singer)
5. Maureen Nolan (singer)
6. Jenny Linden (actress)
7. Annabel Croft (tennis player)
8. Hannah Gordon (actress)
9. Stephanie Beacham (actress)
10. Fiona Fullerton (actress)

James, Surrey

Soho . . . What!

My husband and I recently had a short holiday in London. We went round and visited all the usual sights, then John, my husband, suggested we look around Soho. I accepted without realizing what Soho was famous for. I was surprised (*I bet you were – Ed.*) and at the same time turned on by what we found there.

There was no stopping John as he darted from coin show to peep show, his cock erect and leading the way. We went into one of the better sex shops, where I looked at the dildos and potions before buying a ten-inch vibro for when we got home. John saw a notice for viewing tapes, and asked about seeing some hardcore films.

The shopkeeper was very helpful and ushered us into the viewing room, explaining the costs and the explicit nature of the material we were about to see. He was rather attractive, so I was saddened when he left us with the one other customer who wanted to watch the films.

We watched the first two films in almost total silence; the atmosphere was very sexual and electric. My black silk knickers were wet through with the action I saw, and my nipples were erect, showing through my very thin, white, sleeveless cotton dress which hung loose, reaching just below my hips.

The other man in the room kept glancing at me – especially at my long, red hair. He must have been about 30 (seven years older than me, and a little younger than John). His bulging cock was trying to escape from his tight, white trousers, and his hairy chest was visible due to his V-neck sweater. I found this a real turn-on, as I love hairy men.

John was fidgeting about in his seat. He turned to me and said: 'I'm just going to the loo – back in a mo.' I sat rigid, trying not to look at the man – who was obviously eyeing me up.

John was away for a considerable time. The film we were watching was about a prostitute. In it was just about every sex act imaginable. The man leaned over to me and said, pointing to the young girl in the film sucking a cock: 'Bet you don't do that.'

I don't know what came over me, but I found myself saying: 'I'll suck you off for ten pounds,' as brazen as it sounded. I knew I had to do it, now that I'd said I would. His face beamed like a beacon at the prospect of what was to occur, and, reaching into his pocket, he pulled out a crisp ten pound note. 'Here, love,' he said. 'Now go for it.'

I took the money and shut it in my handbag. My mouth was so dry, I swallowed hard twice, then moved my chair against the door. I said: 'Okay, lover – drop your trousers.'

He dropped his white trousers to reveal a really huge dick, the size of which I've never seen again. He came slowly over to me and slid the great prick in my eagerly-awaiting mouth. I sucked it rhythmically, tickling his balls with my fingers and occasionally licking them as well. He slipped his large hands down my cleavage and fondled my 36-inch tits. Then he began to quiver, and lots of spunk burst out of his cock in a flood, going right down my throat.

He started to walk away, thinking it was all over. I stood up and unzipped my now damp cotton dress. I put my silk knickers in my handbag, and said: 'Now you fuck my cunt.' He gladly laid me down on the floor and rammed his enormous cock – which was, to my amazement, still hard – into my very randy cunt hole.

He pumped me hard and fast in short spurts; then, in one great sprint, he exploded come inside my pussy. Withdrawing, he then shot all over my white, flat belly. I got up to fetch a paper hanky to clean myself, and, just as I reached the door, my husband walked in.

The stranger (I have to call him that, because I still don't know his name) was fully-clothed, having only slipped off his trousers. John calmly sat down and watched the rest of the film while I got dressed. We didn't mention what we'd seen until we got back to the hotel. Then John threw me on the bed, tore off my dress – and I mean *tore*! – dropped his trousers, and gave me a very sound fucking in the doggy position. I loved every minute of it!

I don't know how many times I came that day, but I do know this: we love London, and plan to take another holiday there soon. Since our visit, I have a new freedom. John says to me: 'You can fuck anyone, as long as you tell me – or, better still, let me watch!'

Margaret, Livingston

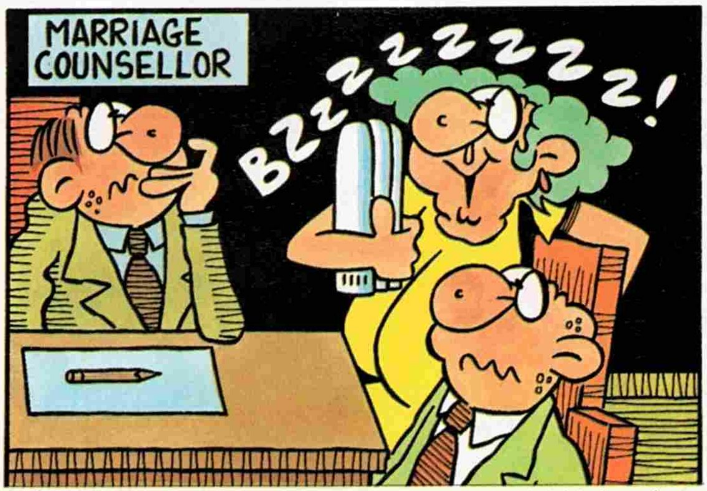
For Angus, red is definitely THE colour

Red Raw

Imagine my unholy delight when I was thumbing through the pages of Vol 14 No 9 and came upon a picture of possibly the most vivid orange pubic hair I have ever seen apart from that belonging to a girlfriend of mine, alas from the past. Can you tell me if Patricia of Chester's hair was for real, or dyed that colour? It looked real enough, but you never know these days. Unfortunately, her face wasn't shown, otherwise I'm sure the answer would have been obvious.

Anyway, I was going to tell you about my girlfriend, memories of whom came flooding back when I spotted Patricia's pubes. Her name was Sally-Ann, and I met her in Cardiff about 15 years ago. She had flaming red hair, right down her back, and quite curly, too. We worked in the same office, and Sally-Ann was in the habit of wearing short skirts and taking tea breaks sitting on some

VIBES by Tony Neat



Actually, we have a very good sex life. I don't think his is so hot, though

READER'S WRITES

desk, swinging her legs. Anyone sitting opposite her was likely to see more than they'd expect to in those sort of circumstances. After a while, I'd engineer it so I'd get the worm's-eye view all the time.

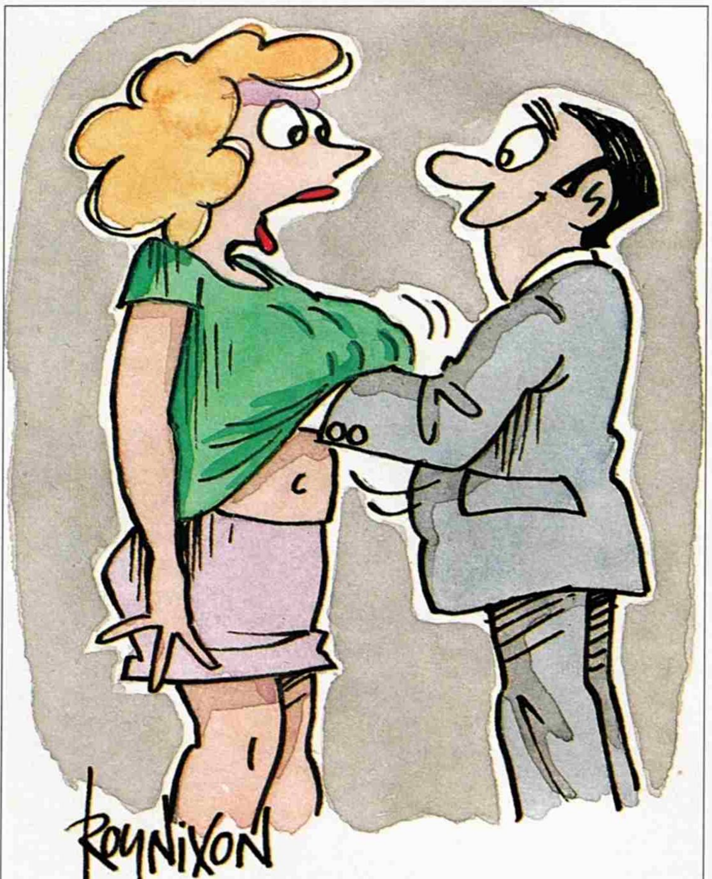
At first, I didn't think she was aware of it. She always wore knickers, but her pubic hair was so thick, it billowed out of the sides, and – you've guessed it – was bright ginger. Things, as you'd say, 'came to a head' one day at the automatic vending machine. She was bending down, trying unsuccessfully to get a plastic cupful of soup or something, and showing a great deal of leg and knicker elastic. I was too shy to attempt anything, but, already, I had an erection at the sight of her.

'You can't get a fucking cup of anything these days,' she said, turning to me. I blushed, and mumbled agreement. Then she stumbled into me (on purpose, she told me later), her right leg brushing against my hard cock. 'My, you are appreciative, aren't you?' she said. It was too open for a grope there, although I was almost crazy enough to do it after what she'd said.

We arranged to meet for a drink later and – I'll never forget this as long as I live – while at the table, she dropped a packet of cigarettes and asked me to pick them up for her. They had fallen between her legs, which were more than a few inches apart. As I grasped the packet, I not only saw that she wasn't wearing knickers, but even in the dim light it was possible to make out the fact that her pubes were soaking wet. I was so excited, I was speechless. She grabbed my hand, knocking the cigarette packet out of it, and thrust it literally under her skirt. All four fingers went in straight away. She pulled it out immediately, placing my fingers under my nose. 'Get a load of that. Powerful stuff, isn't it?' she asked me. It was powerful all right.

I gave her a right licking when we got back to my place. She just held my face down there, giving my tongue directions until she came again and again. Trouble is, she wouldn't let me fuck her. It was oral for her, and wanking for me. Oh, she'd hold my cock and watch, totally fascinated, as my spunk splashed over her stockings or the palm of her hand, but I never did get to ram it up inside her.

Angus, Fife



Are you sure you're only putting a new film in your camera?

One to Remember

I would like to recount a recent bedtime session with my partner, which was an especially memorable one.

We climbed into bed and grasped each other close, her hand exploring inside my pyjamas, tickling my hairs and then taking hold of my swelling cock. Meanwhile, my left hand took hold of her right tit, massaging and fondling while her nipples became erect.

Changing priorities, I slipped down, caressing her through her nightie down to her spreading thighs and up inside her clothing to her fanny – which was moist, warm and wide open. I pushed in one finger, then two. She was by now lifting her body to allow her fanny to take my fingers deep into her creamy chasm.

At her suggestion, we took off our nightclothes with great haste, then went back to our mutual masturbation, both of us now spreading our thighs wide and lifting our sex high. My cock was standing proud and vertical as she wanked me in a substitute fucking motion.

My hand was wallowing in the paradise of creamy love juice and velvet cunt lips, one of my fingers frequently visiting her moist bum. I could wait no longer: I wanted my supper. Changing position, I lowered my head on to – then into – her flower, exuding its juices. I buried my tongue and nose into her cunt.

I made my throbbing cock at home in the softness of her warm tits and reached for my condom. While still sitting over her, I rolled it on to my swollen member.

I swung round to kneel between her legs. She spread her lips wide with her fingers, though they hardly needed assistance. I entered her hole, pushing my full length into her. We proceeded to fuck, and, although highly aroused, I held on until she peaked once more. Then I spouted my sperm, bouncing its containing gossamer against the deep base of

continued on page 77

Gi

DOMINIQUE

Dominique is surely the only
glamour model who can lay
claims to having been a former
beauty queen in France AND in
Germany! This is because
Dominique was born in the
Alsacienne border town of Rastatt, of a French mother and
German father – thus qualifying
this beautiful, full-figured 24-
year-old for dual nationality.
Surprisingly, our picture spread
commencing on page 76 rep
resents Dominique's first ven
ture into full-frontal; because
to date, she's specialized i
lingerie and swimwear mode
ling. First and foremost a pro
fessional, Dominique is indi
ferent to what she bares – o
come to that – to whom: 'It's a
in a day's work.' Dominique
main interest in life is 'putti
Alsace back on the map,'
process she feels is alrea
under way due to a resurgen
of interest in the vast
underrated Alsatian wi
(Alsace, she insists, is the p
fect complement to Chi
food) and cuisine. Domini
evidently makes a mean c
croute (that's ham and saus
on sauerkraut to you, John).
bemoans the fact that she's
busy to find a guy to appre
her culinary creations. S
you're hungry, turn to pag
Dominique's handing it to
on a plate!

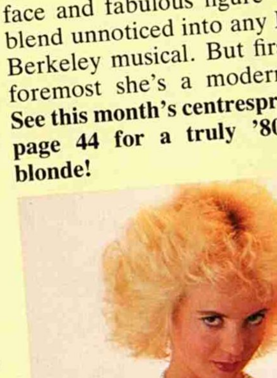
l Talk

HAZEL

Aha!' the cry goes up around the studio. 'A train set!' And who wouldn't fancy sharing a compartment on the Penzance-Paddington Inter-City with this little stunner? Hazel's the flavour of the month in the trade these days, reckoned by *aficionados* as having the most photogenic physique and facials since Viv Neves. For, only 21 years old, this native of Nottingham can resemble a coy schoolgirl or a most sophisticated lady at the flick of a make-up artist – which explains why she's booked solid for the next six months. However, unlike the majority of models who hit the big time in and around London, Hazel hasn't ditched her back-home boyfriend. Hardly surprising, considering he happens to own a chain of Midlands hair salons AND a big model agency in Nottingham! It was in his books that Hazel was spotted by a highly-respected West End glamour photographer (yes, there is such a thing!), putting Hazel in the enviable position of being able to pocket the customary 20 per cent agent's fee: 'George is over the moon he's getting me so much work. The last thing he wants is to exploit me, so he's only too pleased to waive his percentage.' Ah, if only they were all like that! **Now turn to page 32 for the real secret of Hazel's success.**

JOYCE

How nice to get to meet a lady for a change! Tarts and teasers, strippers and porno queens are all very well, but the occasional dash of sophistication works wonders. True, Samantha Fox is a wonderful person, but right now a champagne cocktail would go down a treat . . . 18-year-old Joyce – in reality not bred in the purple, but of Yorkshire mining stock (and who could ask for a nobler pedigree?) – is none the less very much at ease in pearls and cocktail dresses. Which is why, despite her tender years, she's already a familiar face at a top people's/nouveau ne'r-do-well's night club in London's West End where she works as a greeter. '*Works*?' I hear you say, incredulously. Most certainly! Would YOU be able to be nice to 400 people a night? Fittingly, Joyce is a great fan of the legendary Hollywood blondes, and only wishes she could match their boob measurements. 'I'm trying a high-fat diet,' she moans. 'But the only part of my body that gains inches is my waistline!' Her Holborn apartment, all mirrors and furs and ostrich feathers, echoes the 'Ladies' Hollywood' of a bygone era – and there's no denying Joyce's face and fabulous figure would blend unnoticed into any Busby Berkeley musical. But first and foremost she's a modern girl. **See this month's centrespread on page 44 for a truly '80s-style blonde!**



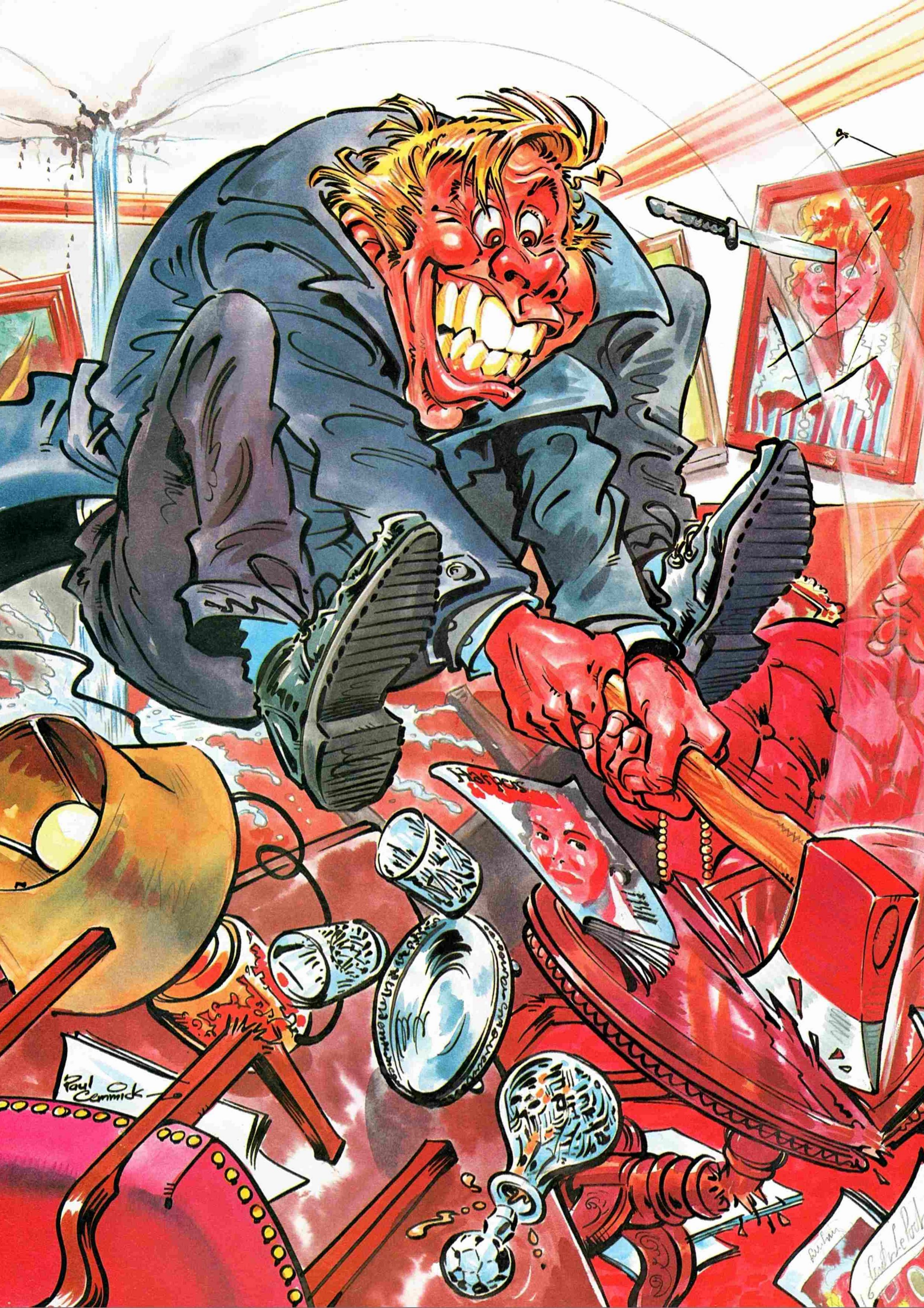
TERESA

When asked, the last time she appeared in our illustrious publication, what turned her on, the lovely Teresa replied: 'Men and the mad social whirl.' She hasn't reformed one iota, this well-heeled, well-stacked resident of London W14 (just for the record, that's W14 Holland Park, not W14 West Ken!). In fact, no longer content with confining her freewheeling, party-going lifestyle to the trendier environs of the Metropolis, Teresa has stepped-up her pursuit of hedonism, recently travelling with a coterie of fun-loving friends on a 'Carnivals of the World' tour: Rio, Trinidad, and especially Venice ('I adore wearing masks!'). Men and the mad social whirl – quite literally. What we omitted to mention last time was that Teresa's renowned love of good-timing is due in no small part to her Brazilian origins. Yes, she's every bit the fiery Latin, this stunning 23-year-old, and boys fortunate enough to have hung on to/kept up with her for longer than a couple of weeks report she's 'something else' when it comes to the pleasures of the night . . . However, Daddy has summoned Teresa back to Manaos to help run the family (mining) business, so Teresa – currently studying geology and metallurgy – won't be on the social circuit a lot longer. Was that a sigh of relief, Nigel? **Well, turn to page 8 for an unsubtle reminder of the things that might have been!**

Ter

Photographs by Serge Jacques

sa


Harpers
Paul Cemmick

HOORAY FOR HENRIETTA

The Misadventures of a Sloane Ranger. Edited by Nigel Buxton. Illustrated by Paul Cemmick

Charles and Henrietta Eaton-Squire, newly-returned from their mid-winter bronzing hols in the Caribbean, deposit their suitcases by the hat stand, and stand shivering in the hall of their SW3 home. Henrietta feels cold, jet-lagged and incongruous in her Peter Jones sun shift, and wants nothing more than to run a bath, wash the sand and Ambre Solaire from her body, cover up her extramaritally-acquired love bites with foundation cream, and fall into bed.

But it is not to be. The discovery of Enoch the canary's frozen corpse, the absence of the Georg Jensen silver cutlery from the dining room sideboard, the burst water tank, collapsed bedroom ceilings and the sodden bedding render any prospects of warmth and relaxation singularly remote. As indeed does Charles' discovery that the Housekeeping No.1 Acct. cheque book has gone AWOL, along with its authorized signatory, Nanny Bryant.

'Damn and blast! I told you to check her references!' shouts Charles.

It's all too much for Henrietta, who bites her lower lip, clenches her fists, and shows every sign of going into a spasm. Charles puts a comforting arm around her shoulder.

'Go on, dahling, spit it out. Get it out of your system! Damn wretched business . . .'

Appealing

Henrietta looks heavenwards and wrings her hands, as though sitting for *Constipation*, by Edward Burne-Jones.

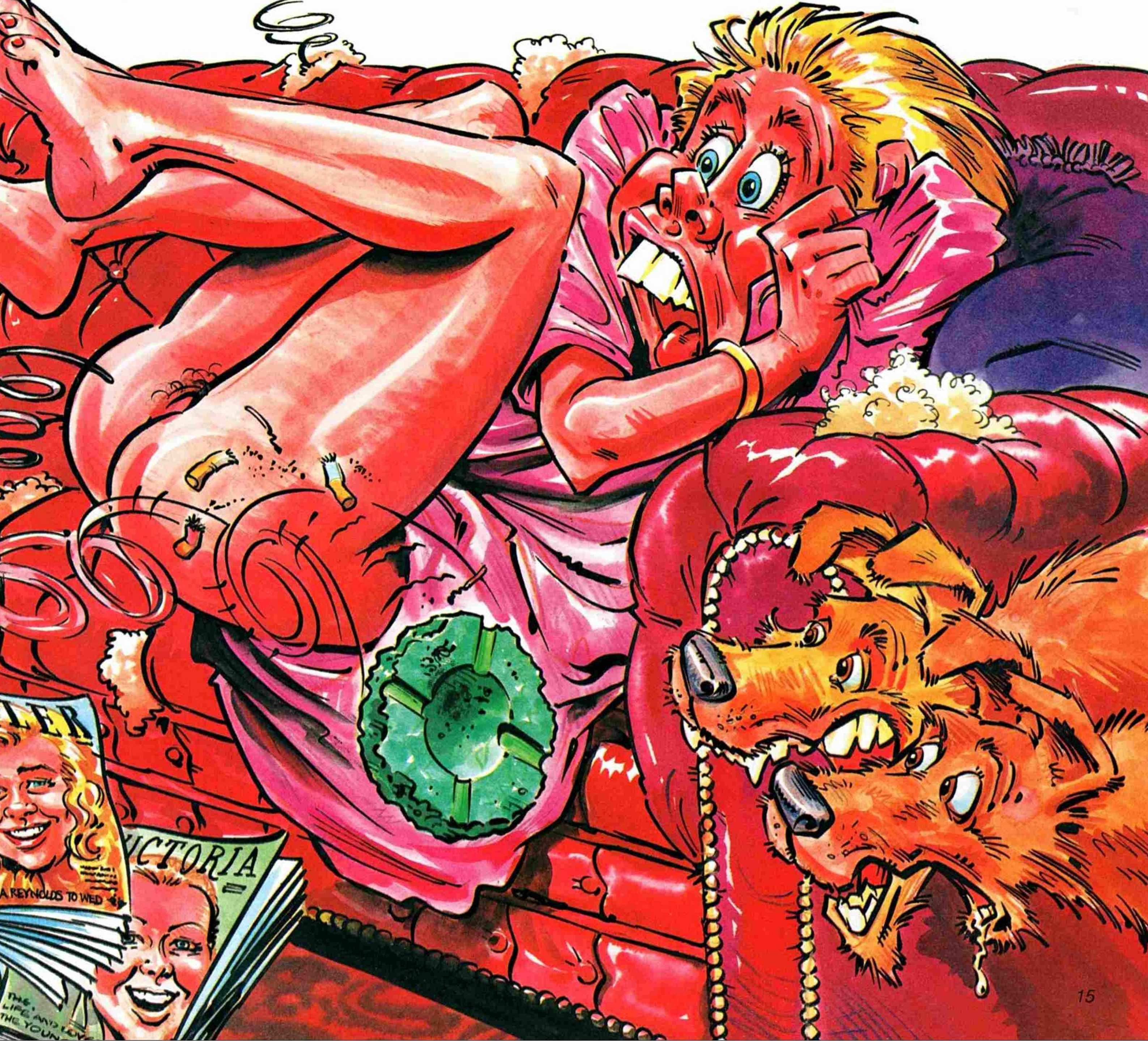
'Eow, damn! Eow, Gawd! Eow . . .'

'Say it, Henrietta! SAY IT!'

'Eow, eow, eow . . . FAHCKING HYELL! Oh Charles, dahling, if only you knew what it takes to make me swear!'

'Oh, I don't know. There's something about hearing you cuss that's really rather appealing,' says Charles, feeling his cock uncoil. 'In fact, you don't think you could, er, say that word again, do you?'

The portly husband suddenly pulls his wife's shoulder straps down around her elbows and makes a grab for her full, spectacularly-suntanned tits. Speechless with rage, Henrietta bursts into tears and stomps the heel of her stiletto sandals straight through the



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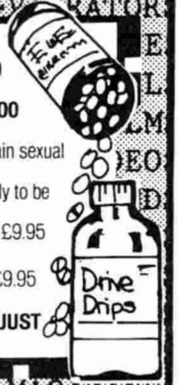
SEX AIDS



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uppers of Charles' Gucci loafers.

'Bitch!'

'Bastard!'

As the Eaton-Squires survey the damage room by room, Henrietta's hysteria reaches fever pitch, but Charles, no stranger to crises (the property crash of '73; the discovery of his multi-application for B-Tel shares; his role in the Johnson-Matthey merchant bank collapse) is strangely quiet, and settles contemplatively into a glass of Hine Antique.

Grinning

'Water damage and a missing cheque book? I really think we can do better than that, Henrietta.'

'Charles, what ARE you talking about? Put that glass down and call the police this minute!'

'All in good time, dearest, all in good time,' says Charles, returning from the kitchen with the carving knife, stroking the blade and grinning inanely at his shapely spouse.

'There, you bastard! I never liked you, anyway!'

Charging across the drawing room, Charles plunges the knife through the Gainsborough (school of) portrait of the Duke of Marlborough, simultaneously sweeping the carriage clock and Chelsea red anchor figurines from the mantelpiece.

Henrietta strives to scream, but all that emerges is a strangulated gasp, by which time Charles has slashed a gaping hole in the Roche-Bobois leather sofa, kicked in the bookcase, slashed the 16th Century Tabriz prayer rug, sprinted through to his study and carved RICH PIG on his Victorian mahogany partners' desk. Grinning demonically, he turns on his pretty young wife (who is undecided whether or not to faint), rips off her dress, bundles her into an impromptu all-fours on the sofa (knees astride a sprouting bush of horsehair and springs), and proceeds to roger her – with lunatic vigour.

Flailing

'My God, Charles, it hasn't been like this since our honeymoon in Gstaad!' pants the lady of the house. 'You're not going to murder me now, are you?'

Charles disengages and cartwheels across the room, genitals flailing like the fuse on an unlit catherine wheel.

'The insurance, Henrietta!' he whoops insanely, picking up a Regency dining chair and smashing it across his beloved Bang and Olufsen hi-fi.

'Don't you remember old Buffy Goldstein's screw-up with the cover notes? Damn contents are insured three times over!'

The colour returns to Henrietta's cheeks.

A new housekeeper, a matronly, full-chested and attractive lady called Mrs Marchant, has moved into the granny flat . . .

'Eow! What fun! Well, in that case, I'd better pop upstairs and slash my old sable coat to ribbons. Then you'd better come and smack my bottom for being a jolly naughty girl!'

Succumbed

Three weeks later finds the Eaton-Squires cosily re-ensconced in their icicle-festooned freehold. Laura Ashley has succumbed to the advances of David Hicks; a minor, but none the less pleasant Van de Velde seascape hangs in place of the vandalized Duke, while in the bedroom cupboard a Hermes mink hangs where Mother-In-Law's sable once sagged. Three cases of 1962 Chateau Latour fill the gaps in the wine racks, and a new housekeeper (a matronly, full-chested, and attractive lady called Mrs Marchant) has moved into the granny flat.

Charles watches, snake-like, as Mrs M stoops to clean the grate, for Mrs M is given to wearing black stockings. And Charles' mind wanders. Wanders, in fact, all the way to downtown Shanghai, where he is lured by a gang of wayward, PVC-clad teenage nymphomaniacs, who hold him naked and utterly helpless on a bed, while Mrs M peels off her black rubber G-string and rests her statuesque thighs astride his face . . .

'Charles!'

'Charles disappears behind his glossy magazine, like a tortoise dodging a curious cat.

'Charles, dahling, what are you reading?'

'*Pacemaker*, dahling.'

'Oh my God! Does Dr Feinstein think you've a heart condition?'

'It's a bloodstock publication, silly. I've just bought into a broodmare with Benjy Soames and the boys. Placed on the Flat a few times, full half-sister to *Stand Erect*. Never know your luck, eh? Anyway, covering season starts Feb 13 and we've secured a nomination to *Prodding Pinkie*. Thought we might drive down to Lambourn for the day and make sure we get our money's worth. What d'you say?'

'Benjy Soames, you say? Eow! Is he still chummy with Trigger Rogers?' Henrietta nonchalantly enquires, patting her hair into place with a trembling hand.

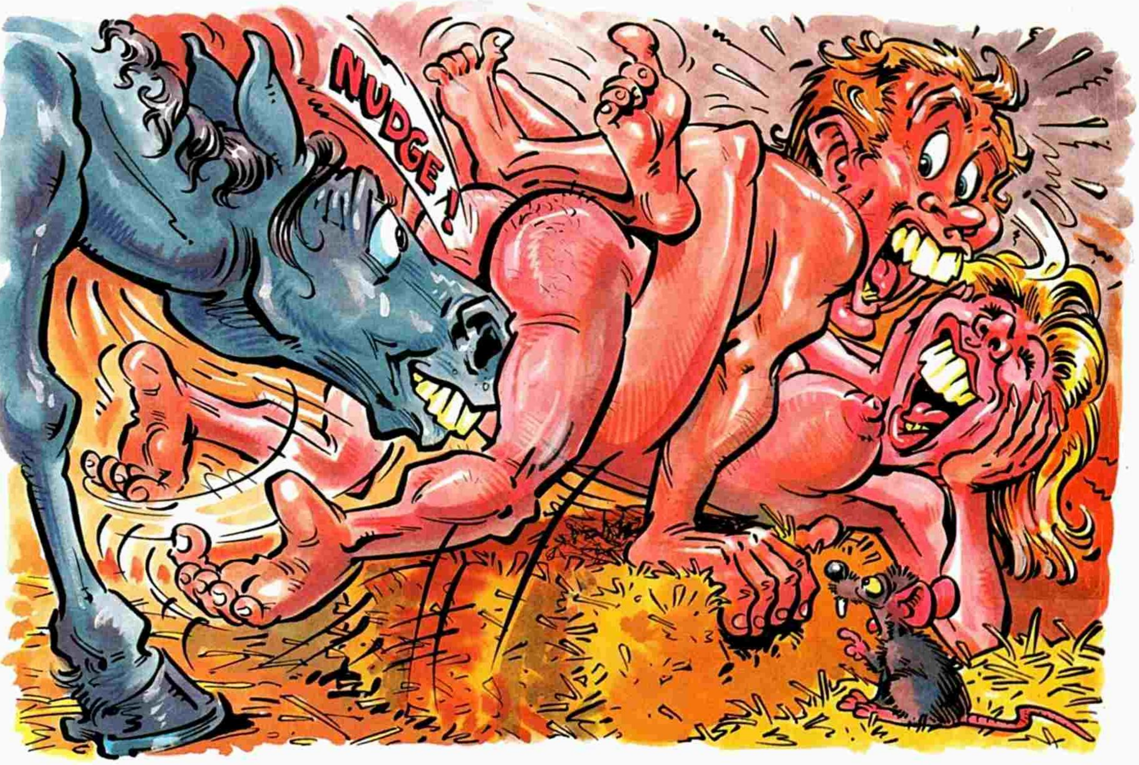
'What? Old Frigger? I should jolly well say so! He's Prodding Pinkie's breeder and 40 per cent owner!'

Occasional Lover

Henrietta is secretly delighted, not having 'seen' her occasional lover since Boxing Day. She feels herself moisten slightly at the very thought . . .

As usual, Henrietta rises early on St Valentine's Day, to rid the mailbox of cards from boyfriends old and new, not to mention anonymously-conveyed sex aids. She finds Charles' card at the bottom of the heap, a grotesquely distasteful parody of a pair of Lucy Attwell tots, the boy sporting a full erection.

'Nice of you to remember,



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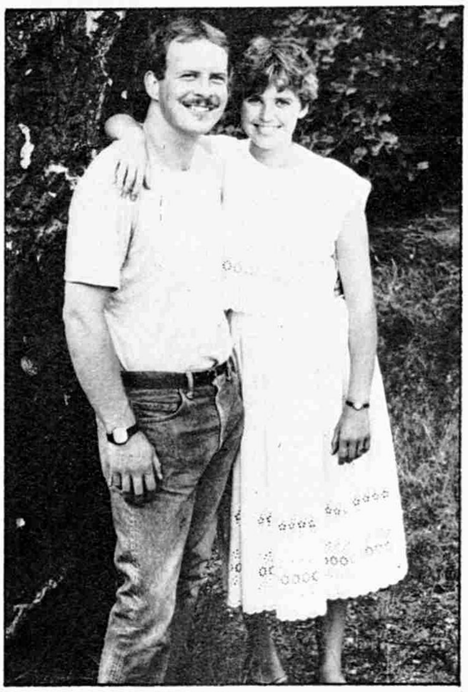
-for friends, love or marriage?



Suzanne and Tim — engaged

'I thought Suzanne was too attractive to be a member of Dateline. I thought the only people who used dating agencies were the real lonely-hearts types, but not at all!'

Sue and Martin — married

Sue says: 'I met genuine men who honestly and truly wanted to meet new people as much as I did; who wanted to make friends, and have a good time — and I met Martin!'

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'When you meet other members of Dateline you know they have gone into it with the same attitude as yourself — they want to meet people. Some people think Dateline is cold but you are meeting men who have something in common with you, and quite frankly how else do you meet them?'

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People just like you! Currently 2,000 people a month join Dateline, so you probably already know people who have used the Dateline service, or met through Dateline.

People who join Dateline come from all over the country — from farms, villages, market towns and cities. The problems of meeting people are not confined to any particular locality. The backgrounds and occupations of Dateline members are equally varied — MP's, surveyors, solicitors, engineers, doctors, journalists, teachers, secretaries, stockbrokers, nurses, chemists, receptionists, bus drivers and even zoo keepers. Loneliness is classless. What all Dateline members have in common is an optimistic, positive attitude in tackling the problem practically. Meeting someone special is difficult, but after that the romance is easy.

WHY?

If the disco is not for you, your friends are all married, you don't meet anyone through work, you have just moved to a new area, or you are newly single again — just where do you begin? There really are very few ways you can meet the kind of people you want to meet. Dateline is simply the most honest and realistic way of being introduced to a wide choice of compatible partners. It also saves a lot of wasted time and expense!

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When you join Dateline you will complete a very comprehensive questionnaire, information from which will be confidentially locked into the memory of our computer; the matching process, in which your data is compared with every Dateline member of the opposite sex, will then begin. Finally the computer will have found the most compatible matches for you, and their details will be forwarded to you. You will also be matched to other compatible people living in your area, and they will contact you. And so, with your year's membership, a whole new social life begins.

IS DATELINE SUCCESSFUL?

Yes, in many different ways! Some people simply have a wonderful time, meeting as many new people as possible, sharing new interests, going out, just enjoying themselves. Some are looking for the companionship, the love and romance of one or two relationships, and others are looking for a special love with marriage in mind.

Many thousands of couples have met and married through Dateline, as the Dateline questionnaire is designed to match couples through many facets of physical type, personality and life-style; not just matching those who want to meet people similar to themselves, but those who also want to meet someone different. With Dateline you meet the people you want to meet, who also want to meet you.

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Dateline

dahling, but very un-funny.'

Henrietta risks wearing her shortie-nightie as she hands Charles his morning cup of tea. 'Risks', because of his penchant for throwing back the bedclothes and saying: 'How's about a wakey-wakey kiss for Little Peter?' And especially 'risky' this of all mornings because she happens to be wearing a naughty pair of black silk panties – the tarty, TR-monogrammed ones she always wears when she's within rutting distance of Trigger Rogers, her spectacularly-endowed Canadian lover.

It is a bitterly cold morning, and, for the life of her, Henrietta cannot comprehend how even the most virile stallion can produce an erection in such conditions – or, for that matter, how any mare could conceive.

'Air, hellair!'

'Air, hellair.'

The broodmare's syndicate meet at the estate gatehouse, where they are introduced by Trigger Rogers to Lord Offall, the stud farm owner. Trigger is sporting an improbably tight pair of elasticated jodhpurs, the sight of which has Henrietta's pulse racing like a giggly teenager's on a first date.

The party transfers to Lord Offall's Mercedes jeep and thence to the covering yard, a bleak, red brick octagon, reeking alternately of disinfectant and dung, with bizarre and mystifying halters, harnesses and equine appliances on a wall rack, all in all an intensely male environment which has Henrietta, the only female in a party of ten, unusually ill at ease.

In The Mood

With a nervous whinny, the mare is led in by a dour stablehand, while the local vet verifies her readiness. Seconds later, the door opens on the opposite side of the yard and, champing at the bit and eyes ablaze, the teaser is led in. Henrietta is at once mortified.

'My God, Charles, you've been *hed*! He may be in the mood, but he's only a broken-down poneah!'

Amid groans, titters, and murmers of 'Women!', Trigger Rogers patiently explains to Henrietta that the job of 'Old Toby' is to put their valuable acquisition in the mood. Once she's 'good'n'horny', the stallion will be led in and . . .

'My God, how on earth is she going to find room for *that*!'

Lord Offall's guests are ushered to the back of the yard as the magnificent stallion, shying and sweated-up with excitement, is led in, and at once clambers on the back of the mare, guided to the object of its desire by two stone-faced ostlers.

Out of sight, Trigger reaches down and grabs Henrietta's bottom, her skirt bunching up as his big, hairy fingers disappear between her buttocks . . .

'God, really, I say! A girl doesn't know quite where to look!'

Twenty minutes later, the coupling is complete, and the vet assures the syndicate their mare will 'take', and later, after several ports in Lord Offall's kitchen, that she'll throw nothing less than the '88 Derby winner.

'Charles, old fella!'

Trigger slaps Eaton-Squire Sr. on the back, causing him to choke on his bacon sandwich, simultaneously handing him a whole tankard of Dow's with which to wash it down.

'Why, that's very decent of you . . .'

'Okay if I show your wife around the yard? She's got a bit to learn about breeding, it seems.'

'Oh, be my guest,' says Charles, disinterestedly, settling into his port and video re-runs of the '85 Classics. Trigger leads Henrietta under the clocktower, across the frosty paddocks to the North Yard, where, out of sight, Trigger reaches down and grabs Henrietta's bottom, her skirt bunching up as his big, hairy fingers disappear between her buttocks.

Lured Away

'Such a naughty boy, luring me away so brazenly,' says Henrietta, coyly. 'How did you know I was in the mood?'

'Aw, it always puts the ladies in the mood, seeing their mares covered,' says Trigger, kicking open a stable door. 'Here'll do.'

Trigger bundles his SW3 sweetheart into the sweet-smelling gloom of the stable, ankle-deep in straw. Two bales of hay, very conveniently stacked on end, at crotch height, lie in the corner.

'Get your panties down and get over those bales!' whispers Trigger.

Henrietta eagerly complies, stepping out of her black silk specials (which Trigger grabs, bunches in his fist, and sniffs), leaning over the bales, and avails her gorgeous rump to her stallion. With no preliminaries whatever, the Canadian positions himself behind her, unzips his jodhpurs, and, taking a purposeful grip of Milady's hips, buries himself in the warmth of her pseudo-aristocratic pussy.

Shocked Rigid

'Jeez, it's been one heck of a long time!'

Rogers is well into his short strokes when something cold and wet comes into contact with his rear. Shocked rigid, he flinches violently.

'God, Trigger, that's wonderful! Do it again!'

But Henrietta's ecstasy is short-lived. A stallion, emerging sinisterly from the gloom, nudges Trigger's twitching, bared buttocks and the bales collapse, pitching the Canadian and his Chelsea floozie head over heels – in Trigger's case, face first into a puddle of fresh dung. Convinced the animal has designs on her, Henrietta makes a dash for the doors, quite unaware her panties have snagged around her ankles, and totters into the daylight, straight into the arms of two passing stable lads.

'Eow! I say! Could you pawssibly direct me to the Ladies Room?'

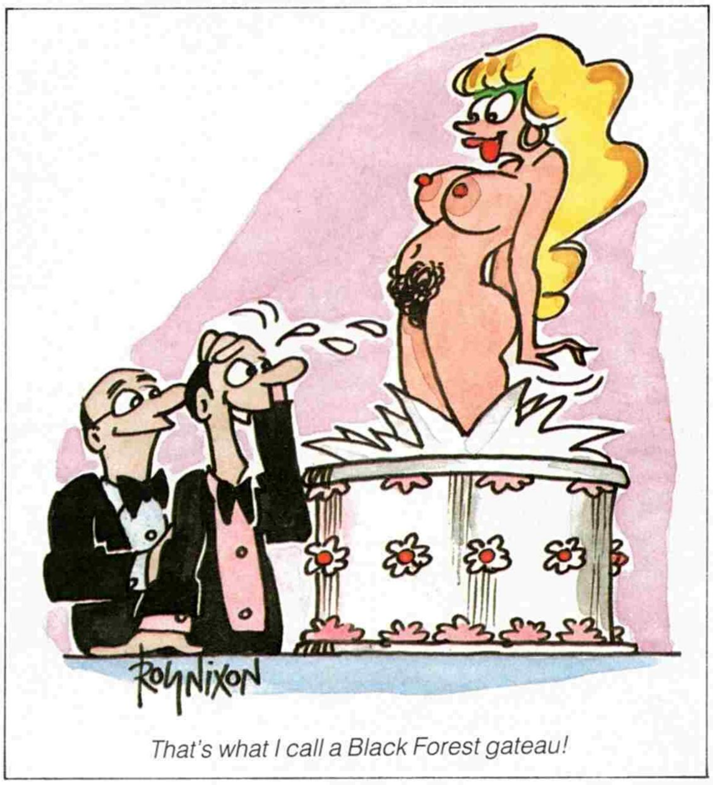
The drive back to town finds Charles in insufferably ebullient mood: the landowner, the horse trader, the bloodstock magnate, 'playing-the-Ay-rabs-at-their-own-game'. Once home, Charles dons a Julian Wilson-style trilby, pours a large Hine, turns on the afternoon racing on his brand new Sony Profeel, and peruses a *Sporting Life*.

'Thish ish the life,' he mutters, as they go behind, and curses as the doorbell rings.

'Er, dahling . . .'

'Oh, damn it all; who is it, dahling?'

'It's the man from the Pru.'



That's what I call a Black Forest gateau!

LIFE WITH
Linzi

Above and right: *Cider with Dixie, at Dixie's warehouse, clutching the famous (or should it be infamous . . . ?) 'Cripple Cock' liquid and relaxing with the guys who really produce the goods!'*

LINZI DREW, probably the sexiest and most photographed model of all time, just happens to write exclusively for *Club International*. Aren't you lucky?

Photographs by Dave Antony

When the Club team organized a 'Linzi goes to Bristol' visit to my home town this month, I suggested we should visit Bristol City Football Club, where I started my modelling career on the pitch as a cheerleader. To my amazement, BCFC – instead of welcoming me with open arms, like the old days – told me that I wasn't good for their image. Bloody cheek! As they were lingering near the bottom of the Third Division at the time, I wouldn't say they were too good for my image, either!

So we could get our own back, I dressed in a Bristol Rovers kit (their arch enemies) and met up with two City players kicking a ball about by the ground entrance, drenched in sweat from their heavy training session. They seemed like really nice lads, although I didn't recognize them from my cheerleader days. Mind you – that was back in 1978! When I asked them if I could pose for a few pictures with them, they said they'd be delighted, but they'd have to check with their boss, as they weren't even allowed to go for a piss without permission. Well, as I didn't want to get them into trouble, I had to tell them the situation. They seemed a little disappointed when they realized we'd have to skip the photos altogether, so instead they showed us a few good places to take some naughty Club pics. I do hope you like them: they're to show the boring old farts at Bristol City FC we're not so easily dissuaded!

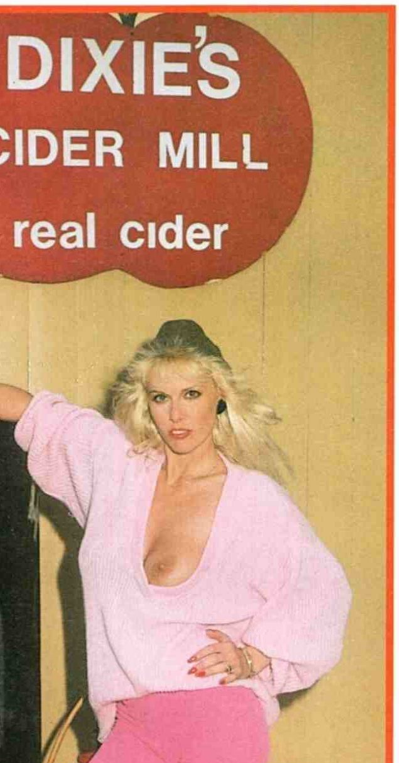
Mesmerized

The two City players didn't seem like boring old farts, though. They stood mesmerized as I slipped out of my Rovers top into my famous Club T-shirt for a few shots. When we were leaving, we gave the guys a couple of Club T-shirts. One of the guys wasn't interested in any old Club T-shirt – though – he wanted mine! Happily, I took it off, shaking my boobies free, and gave it to him (the T-shirt, of course).

While all this was going on, we were being closely observed by a rather podgy punter who had been using the football ground as a short cut. You can imagine my surprise when I realized I used to go to school with him. Luckily, he didn't recognize me, or else we'd never have got rid of him!

Our next stop was Bristol's most famous landmark, the Clifton Suspension Bridge, where we got a far more frosty greeting. Not only was it absolutely pissing down with rain when I posed there in my saucy black undies covered delicately with my black PVC mac, but we were also lumbered with a loony resident. She came out of her house opposite the bridge with a Polaroid camera in her hand. I thought she was a fan, so I smiled sweetly at her until I realized she wasn't smiling sweetly back: in fact, she wasn't smiling at all!

She looked like she was just about to explode as she waved her fists and shouted obscenities at me. What talk! I simply covered my ears, blew her a quick farewell kiss, flashed my G-stringed bottom at her for



LIFE WITH Linzi

good measure and jumped into the awaiting car completely flabbergasted. If she was complaining, why was she taking my picture? I suppose it was evidence of my dastardly deeds. Doesn't the rain do funny things to people?

We made a speedy getaway to a much more cheerful spot – to a cider factory which turns out a scrumpy with the wonderful name of 'Cripple Cock'! Dixies Fine Cider Ltd is run by the affable Dixie himself. Dixie took great delight in telling us the origin of his cider's unusual name. Apparently, scrumpy is a kind of aphrodisiac for both the guys and girls who drink it (I can vouch for that, being a normal randy West Country lass!). The locals get really steaming on the scrumpy and can't stop screwing. When they've eventually fulfilled their sex drives, the local lasses walk around bow-legged and the poor guys can hardly walk at all – they're well and truly cripple-cocked! What a way to go. To prove his theory, Dixie gave us a dozen bottles to sample later.

Above: *Plenty of suspension left in the Clifton Bridge, you guys.* Right: *More of me mixing the cider.*

Naughty Snaps

I couldn't wait till later, though. I just had to try a little taster while posing for a few naughty snaps around the factory. We even did a few piccies on the factory's cute little delivery truck with its very own genuine thatched roof. Now that *would* be a super place for a fuck!

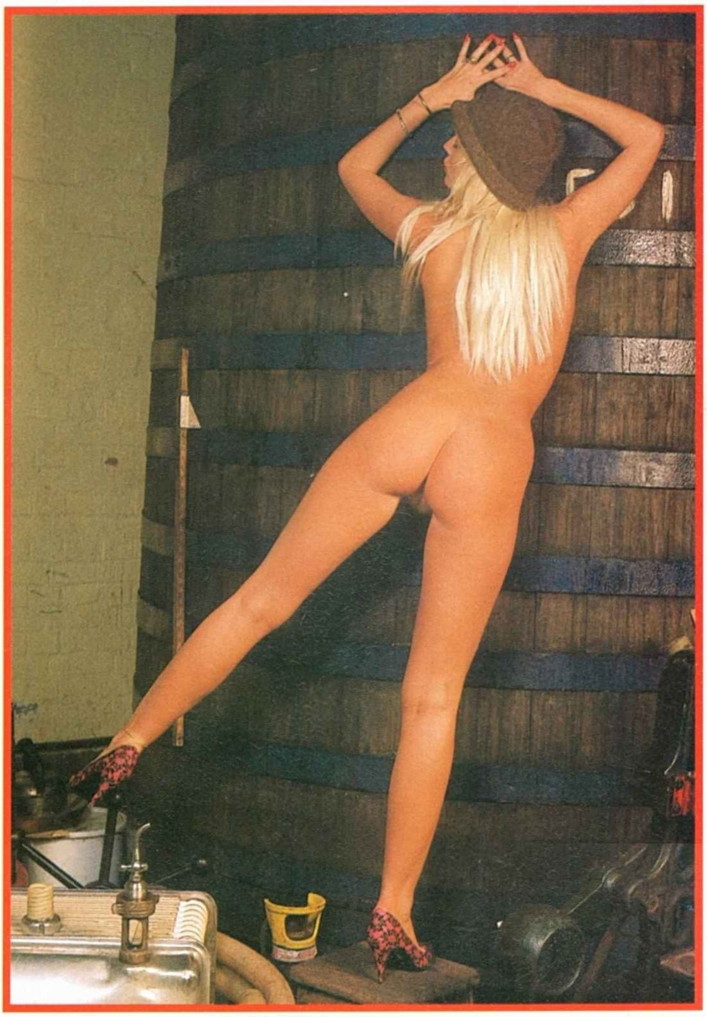
Unfortunately, that was a pleasure I didn't have time to indulge in. I dashed off to meet my girlfriend for a good girls' night out on the town, with four bottles of scrumpy in tow (I left the rest of the Club team to tackle the other eight bottles if they dared).

I met up with Janine in a small pub in the city centre. She's a great laugh, and I've known her since my primary school days. We even shared a flat together for a few years, so, as you can imagine, we're very good mates. We couldn't sample Dixie's scrumpy in the pub, as we thought they wouldn't appreciate it too much, so we settled for the pub's own bottled cider – rather potent stuff.

After a pretty hectic pub crawl, where we met one or two interesting fellas and nattered on incessantly about old times (old fucks, to be perfectly honest!), we ended up in a night club at the back of the city centre. It was quite a new place I'd never been in before, but Janine said it was the 'in' place, so in we breezed. I was feeling very merry on my four or five glasses of cider when a group of guys came over and started the old pick-up routine.

I felt game for a laugh, so I went through the whole bit. I didn't mention I wrote a column on my various sexploits though, as this could easily frighten a guy off at this stage in the game. Janine seemed to be doing very nicely; she was giggling away, snuggling up to her recently-pulled fella (no doubt getting the poor chap all of a quiver with that dirty laugh of hers).

Anyway, after plenty of small talk, I eventually scored with this dreamy-looking guy who asked me for a slow dance and proceeded to rub his lovely bumper bulge across my crotch, while squeezing my buttocks and pulling me firmly on to his manhood. Not that I was resisting, of course! 'This could be a very nice night,' I thought to myself as he pushed



LIFE WITH Linzi

Right: *The topless ex-Bristol City cheerleader rides again – this time to empty terraces!* Far right: *Me with a dose of the Third Division blues . . .*

his swollen cock along my pussy lips. 'I'd better go easy on the scrumpy now, so I'm not too inebriated to enjoy any of the frivolities that might follow,' I told myself.

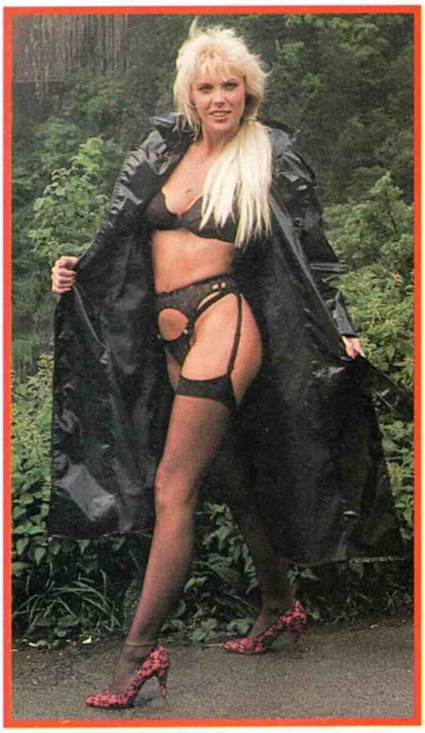
Dreamy's name, I discovered, was Gordon and his mate was called Derek. Derek suggested we all go back to his place to crack open a bottle, as the night club was all out of cider. Seemed like a good idea to us, so we piled into Derek's car.

Lunatic Driver

Derek seemed a bit of a lunatic driver, so I cowered down in the back seat with Gordon, who thought I was all set to give him a blow job. 'Not now, Gordon – I'm bloody petrified, *not* randy!' Mind you – stroking his cock did take my mind off Derek's racing driver antics.

We got back to his place, thankfully all in one piece, and sat around his lounge drinking scrumpy. 1-2-3-4 bottles disappeared very quickly, although I remained adamant I had only one glass (even if he did only have pint glasses . . .). Janine and Derek rolled off into the far corner of the room, where they lay canoodling. I think they were both too drunk to undress each other, although I was hardly the model of sobriety myself.

Dreamy Gordon gently took my hand and led me off to a



bedroom, where, after some effort, we discovered the bed. It was cleverly concealed under a mass of men's usual junk. We lay down and I snuggled up to Gordon, kissing his mouth. My tongue explored inside. He slipped off the top of my dress and took a good look at my tits before he started sucking on one. He slowly fingered the other until it swelled beneath his touch. My pussy was getting very wet, and I was getting that strange, but familiar, feeling down below which says: 'I want to be fucked, please!'

I stood up and slipped off my dress, standing in front of him dressed only in black stockings and suspenders. My pussy almost felt as though it was twitching, it was so hot. He pulled me to him, his tongue finding my clit and gently sucking on it. His fingers opened my lips really wide as he played with me.

Shudder

I began to shudder to an orgasm, and just as I started to come noisily, he took out his cock and started to wank it furiously up and down. I leaned over and took it between my lips. I tried to be nice to him, but sometimes I find that, when I'm enjoying having my pussy eaten, I get a bit carried away and start to nibble on my partner's knob. On this occasion Gordon didn't seem to mind, as his warm, creamy spunk was soon forthcoming. 'It's going to be a right randy night,' I thought as I drifted off to sleep.

Next thing I knew, it was daylight and Gordon had fucked off somewhere or other – probably to work – leaving me to sleep it off. I don't know if he was suffering from cripple cock, but if he was, I missed all the fun as I dozed off after one delightful little 69. Mind you, I think I am walking a bit bow-legged!

Anyway, you guys, keep on writing to me about all your naughty experiences and get Club next month to read a few more of mine.

Linzi

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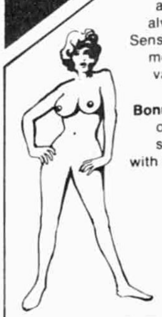

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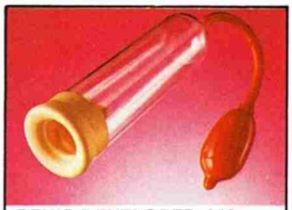

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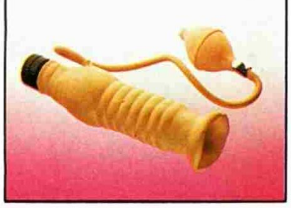

EXCITORS

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111
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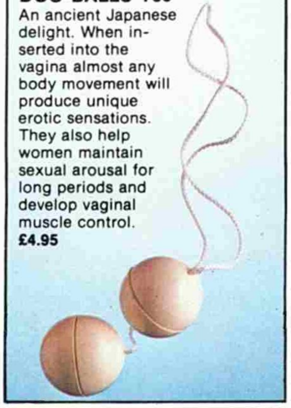

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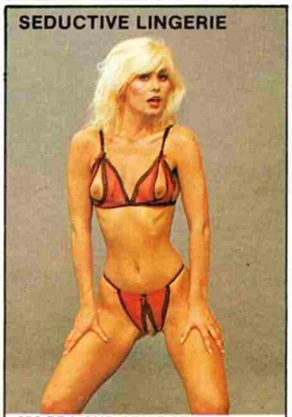

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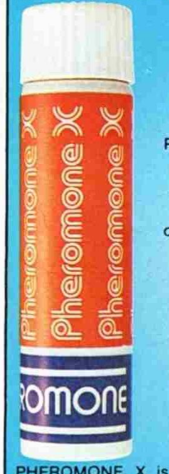

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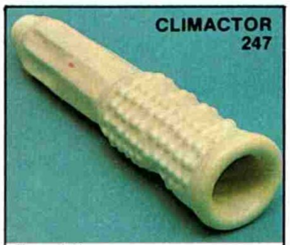

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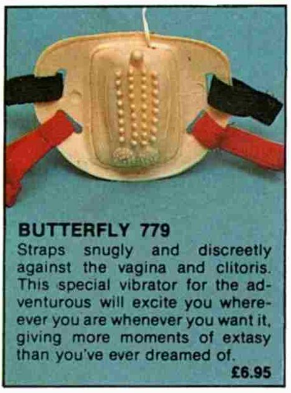

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Letters to Linzi

Dear Linzi,

I like to lie on my bed and look at your beautiful body: you can give me a blowjob any day of the week. As I look at your pictures, I then become excited and start fondling my prick. By this time, I'm really aching for a wank.

Now, this is no bullshit, but my prick grows to about seven inches, and I just can't stop when I come. Anyway, my problem is that I'm never able to put my prick to good use, as I don't have a girlfriend. But surely, Linzi, there must be *some* girl out there waiting for a nice, thick seven-inch prick?

WM, Surrey

Nice, thick seven-inch pricks are always in demand, WM, and yours will certainly be one of the more well advertised ones!

Dear Linzi,

I am 25 years old, and – unlike most of your admirers, it seems – not very well-endowed. In fact, my penis is only one-inch long (or short), and as a sexual organ it's as good as useless.

I had basically come to accept a life of next to no sexual pleasure. That was until I started reading Club International just under a year ago. What attracted me to the magazine after buying it for the first time was you, with your pictures and articles. I found to my absolute amazement that my penis was becoming semi-erect for the first time in years.

Fondling it has proved very difficult because of its extremely small size (it's less than half the size of my thumb). However, at least it's given me hope, and I now have a sexual fantasy world which I never had before.

I often take magazines with you in them to bed, and certainly have some erotic dreams. The most recurring one is where you suck my penis, and, in the ecstasy, I look down and find my penis is no longer there; it's tied around your neck as a good luck charm. I now long for the day when you are the proud possessor of my penis, you somehow having removed it first. Just writing this excites me. I hope you don't find this too bizarre or even impossible.

In fact, living by the sea near Hove, I swim in the sea sometimes. And when the sea's really cold, my penis often completely shrivels up and disappears along with my balls (which are not exactly world-beaters at the best of times, either). So when I look down or feel nothing there, I just wish you could see me in this totally emasculated state. Unfortunately, after I've warmed up, what was there before returns, and reality is back: I am no longer a eunuch!

I would love you to see at least a picture of me, if not the real thing (?) in the flesh. Who knows?

Tom, Hove

Well, although your balls and willy are certainly no world-beaters, you sound like you have a lot of spunk. As for a penis pendant, I'm sure yours would do just nicely; I never have liked cumbersome jewellery.

Dear Linzi,

You are like a drug to me, and here's how it tends to affect me:

Imagining you're lying there on my bed in front of me, wearing the same gear as you did on Brighton beach in Vol 14 No 3 (not a lot!), I stand up. In a frenzy, I pull off all my restrictive clothes.

Perched above you on the bed, my penis already swollen, I take in your sheer beauty. Your nipples are poking at the fabric of your T-shirt, so I pull at the material to reveal your breasts, full and wanting. Next, it's your skirt. I slide it down easily over your bare legs, revealing – as I'd guessed – that you weren't wearing any panties. The glimpse of your golden mound almost brings me to the boil. I dive on you, burying my head on your neck, alternating between flicking my tongue in and out of your ear and chewing on your nipples.

I tease your cunt with my prick, feeling your moist pussy lips opening with the sheer delight of a new acquaintance.

You want me badly, and I react by running my tool to and fro over your mound, my fingers running through your hair, my tongue and teeth playing with your nipples. And then, slowly, I enter your boiling honeypot, bringing you to a frenzy by dipping in and almost out again. I almost rip right through you again, coming back to tease your lips, until . . .

Back in normality, I'm standing over your pictures with my massively swollen penis in my hand, in my mind fucking you like you've never had a fuck before! As I feast my eyes over your succulence, I feel pre-ejaculate running through my fingers, and I can smell those juices that you would love to smell; and I can almost feel your warm fanny around my tool. I come – blasting gallons of hot, sticky spunk through my fingers. The rhythms subside, and you're still after more. I'll be for ever waiting for that day.

So, come on, Linzi, keep on writing those articles and giving us your body in 2D. But get up off your gorgeous arse and fly up here now. My swollen eight inches is yours to suck and chew, as I know your gorgeous fanny is always ready for dipping into.

Meanwhile, more sex, more pics, more legs, more bare feet.

BW, Glasgow

One, seven, and now eight inches. We're certainly getting a variety of cocks this month, aren't we? So if ever I fancy a suck and a chew on a big cock, BW, I'll know just the guy to call on when I'm in Bonnie Scotland. It would be easy to get at if you wore a kilt . . .

Dear Linzi,

Thank you for your continued appearances in Club International, which I read regularly. I want to know everything about you, so I'm enclosing a questionnaire which I'd be grateful if you 'filled in'! It's a bit personal and intimate in places, but I'm sure you don't mind that.

1 What is your *real* full name?
2 Do you have a boyfriend?
3 What are your hobbies (apart from the obvious)?
4 What's your favourite drink?
5 What do you hate most?
6 What size of shoes do you take?
7 Vital statistics?
8 Have you ever been fucked by a photographer after a photo session?
9 Would you like to be (I'm a bit of a photographer myself)?
10 What would turn you on the most – if I was to blow in your ear; stroke your inner thighs; rub your toes with my feet; or massage your love button with my glans?

Brian, Strathclyde

Right, from the top: 1 Linzi Jayne Drew. 2 Several. 3 Well, 'the obvious' does take up a lot of my time, but I like music and travel, amongst other things. 4 Champagne. 5 People blowing in my ear! 6 Five-and-a-half. 7 36-22-36. 8 On a number of very erotic occasions. 9 That goes without saying. 10 As you can see from question five, I hate people blowing in my ear; just stroke my thighs and forget my ears, please!

Listen, lads; I love sending you signed piccies of Yours Truly, but demand, as they say, is proving to be overwhelming. So, from now on, any requests for pictures *must* be accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope (at least 10"×8"). This means I'll be able to send them off much quicker, so it's good news for everybody!

CRIPPLE COCK
Kingston Black

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BLUE
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TV GIRL IN THE RAW
18
HAVE·FUN·GOING·BLIND

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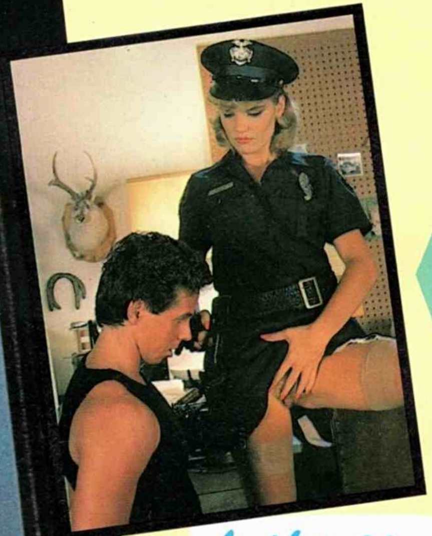

POLICE CADET BLUES!
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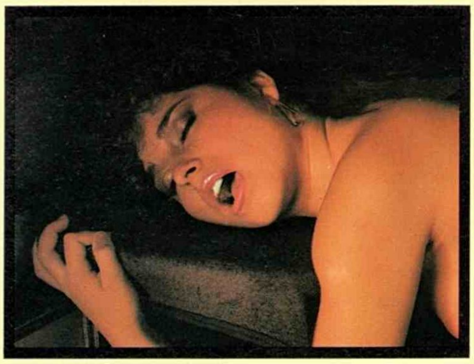
Celebrity Nude
TV GIRL
Exposed

ARMED ROBBERY
Our runaway girl is picked up by a bank robber. He wants her and she wants his money. There's nothing prohibited in this thirties' yarn as he stands and she delivers.

THE COTTAGE
Our three medieval maidens explore the innermost depths of each other's bodies time after time. The Round Table has never seen the likes of this where the nights are long and the girls eat, drink and feel Mary.



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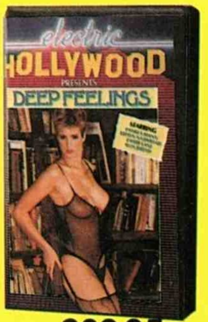

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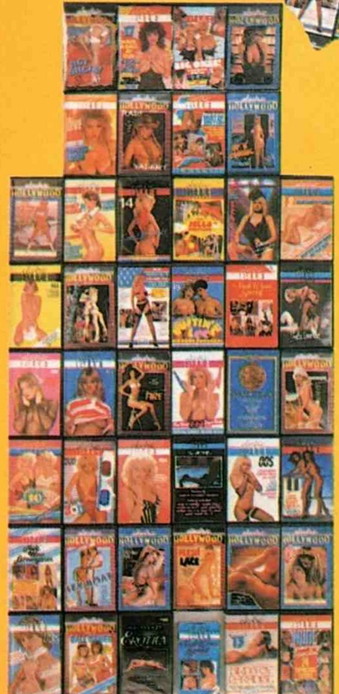

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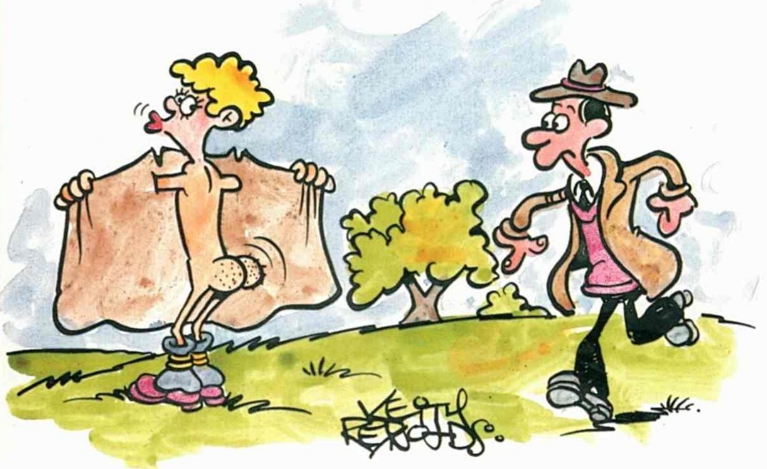
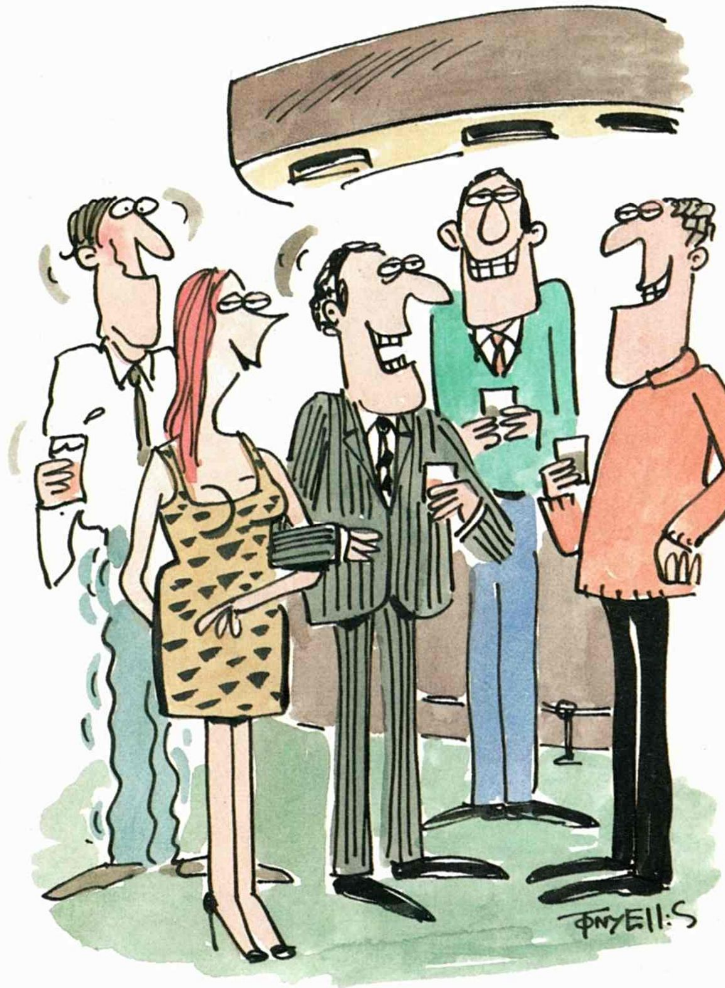
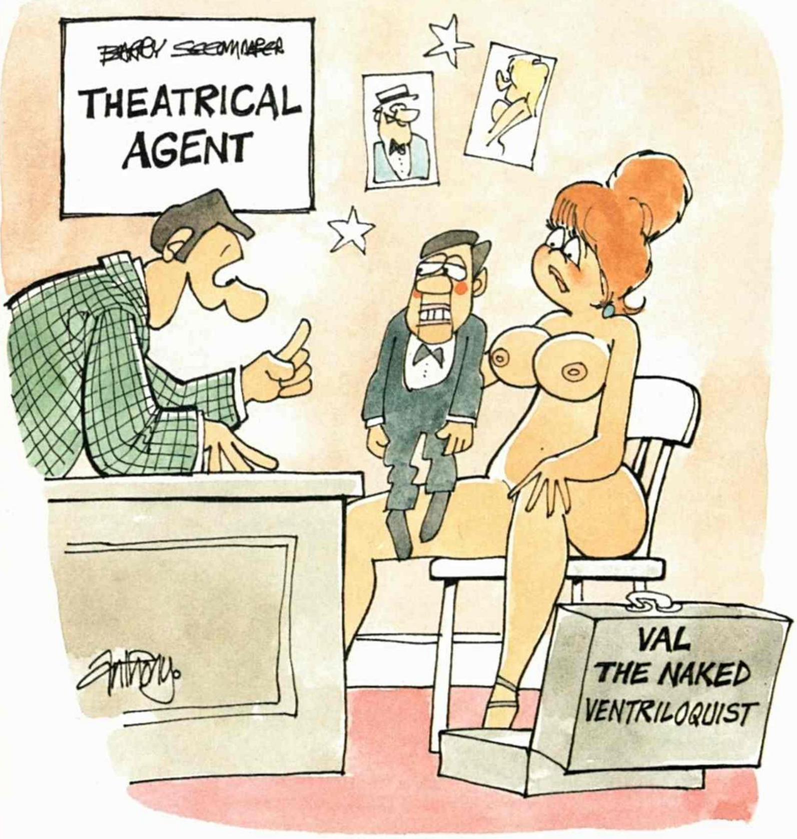
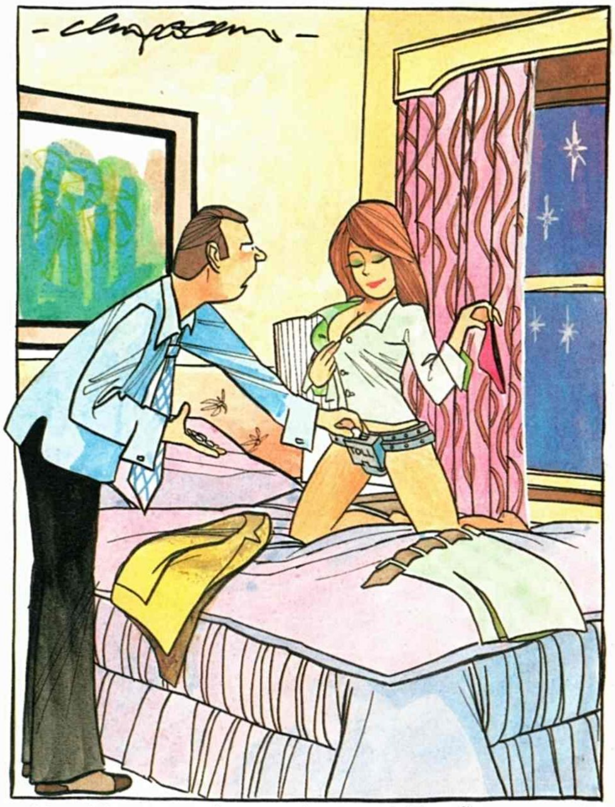

KEITH REYNOLDS



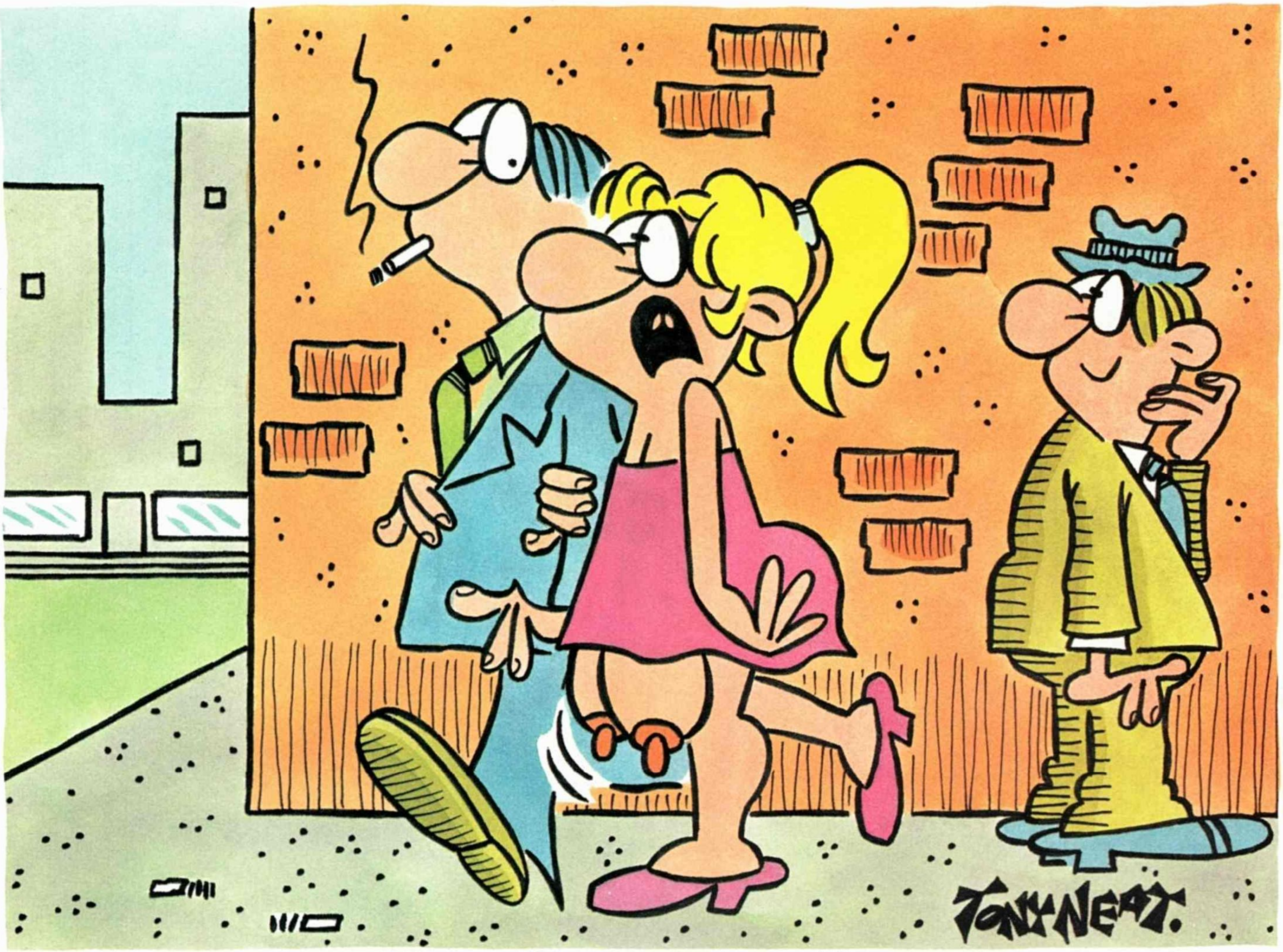
Talk about careful! I had a vasectomy 12 months ago, and my silly young wife still insists on taking the Pill.


THEATRICAL
AGENT
VAL
THE NAKED
VENTRILOQUIST

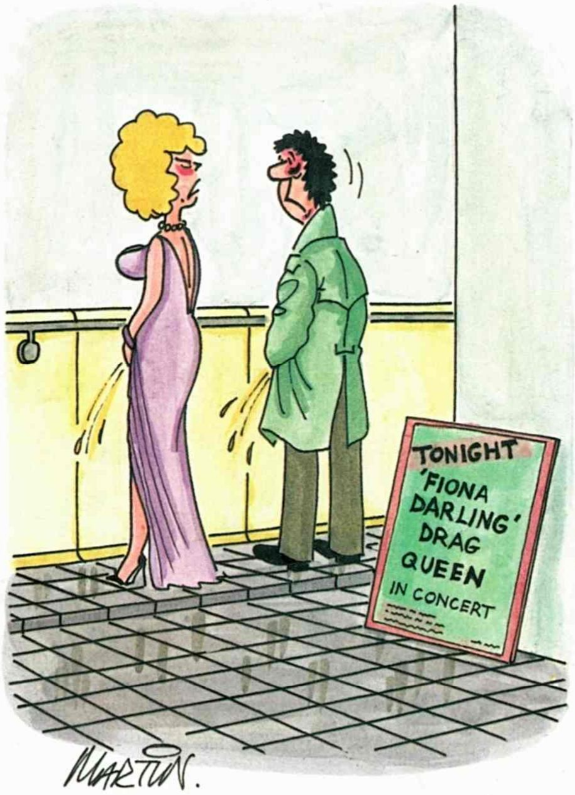
Ah! I saw your lips move.



Hasn't it occurred to you that something fine seems to have gone out of our marriage . . . ?



It's the same old story – every time I wear a mini, people stare!


TONIGHT
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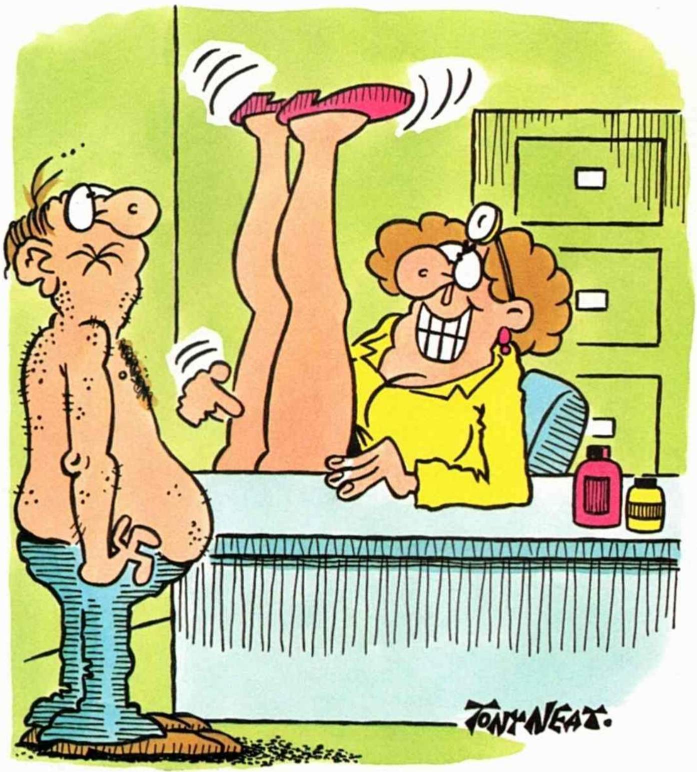
What are you staring at? Never seen anyone taking a leak before?

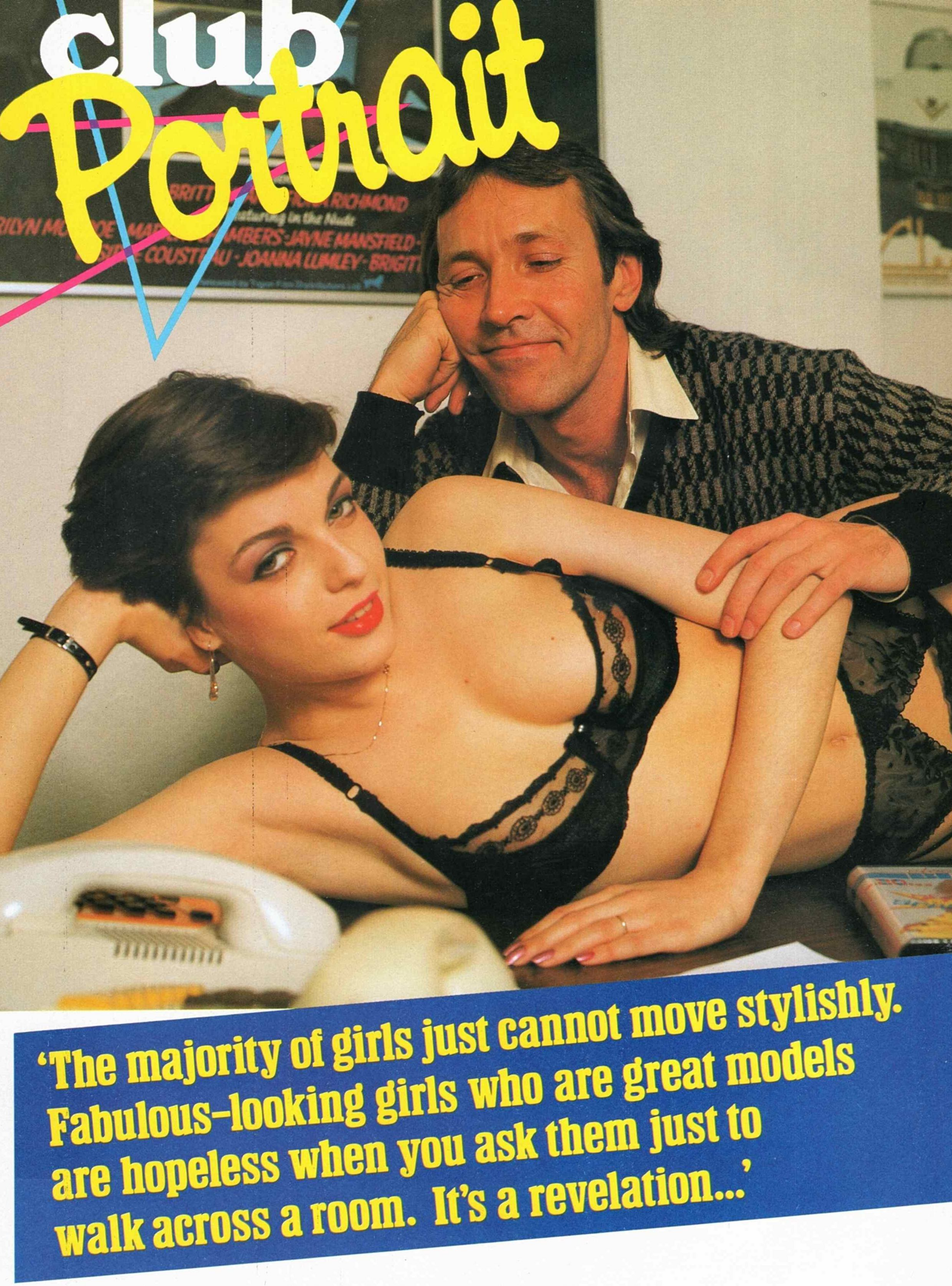


You need more exercise – try this for a while!

HAZEL

Photographs by Geoff Watts

club Portrait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'The majority of girls just cannot move stylishly. Fabulous-looking girls who are great models are hopeless when you ask them just to walk across a room. It's a revelation...'

Tym Manley talks to Vic Marchant

Since 1979, Vic Marchant has run the most successful video men's magazine there is. He's still young, he's personable, he's single, he pleads poverty most unconvincingly and he's surrounded by beautiful women much of the time.

Vic *is* Electric Blue. He dreams up the concepts, chooses the models, directs the shooting and does the dubbing and editing. The whole glamorous, sexy, glossy package reflects his style. Add to that the fact that the company does a 60-minute erotic programme every month for cable television in America and you have one hell of a glamorous job: the sort of number that doesn't get stuck up on the board down the Jobcentre, that's for sure.

It's just the sort of nice little earner that any red-blooded man – and many who can only boast a pale pinkish tint of the corpuscles – dreams of.

Fantasies

But, of course, when you meet the men who have these jobs, your fantasies tend to vanish in a truss. Because, sad though it may seem, anyone who tries to do that kind of job in the way you fantasize *you* would . . . well, he wouldn't last five minutes.

Are you a rich man, Vic?

'No, I'm terribly poor (do tax inspectors read Club International?)! Yes, I'm enormously poor – spare a fag, guv.'

Do you drive a Ferrari?

'No, I drive a Datsun. I'm not a car person. Don't see the point of something you'll never get out of third gear.'

You're still single?

'Yes. I never got married because I always wanted to keep my options open. It's not as strong as it was five years ago, say; back then I'd never have dreamed of getting tied down. Not in a million years.'

So you live the bachelor life.

'Yes – remaining impervious to all the beautiful women around me.'

You're joking.

'Yes I am – half-joking anyway. It's not just me. Anyone in this business has to distance himself from his sexual feelings, on the set anyway. We all do it. And anyone, from director to second sparks who gets too interested in a girl while he's working is OUT!'

But off the set it's different . . .

'Of course. I'm just the same as someone who works in a bank. I go out with the girls I work with. It's natural.'

So have I met at last the man who pulls all the models?

'It's strange, but it's a fact that if you're at all professional in this business you tend to err on the side of being *less* forward with girls than you would be otherwise. I was always less inclined to chat up a woman I fancied on the basis that it might be unprofessional. You don't want to use your job to attract girls. I used to take that too far, but I think I've found a way of handling that now.'

Do you prefer to conceal what you do?

'No. But I don't go around saying: "Hi, I'm a film director". That would be a very boring beginning anyway. But I don't hide what I do, I'm not ashamed of it.'

So we don't find any orgies on the Electric Blue set?

'No. I like them to have a sort of party atmosphere, sure. I like a shoot to be fun and they can get a little out of hand. But we keep it controlled to get the work done. I certainly can't allow myself any lapses, because it's up to me to get 100 per cent out of what we're doing. 'Remember, shooting a video is expensive. We can easily, on a simple little shoot, spend £12,000 a day.'

So no nymphos running amok on set?

'Not at £12,000 a day! Besides, we go on shooting to the end. I wrap up the day when everyone is too tired to do good work. Everyone is usually exhausted.'

But you do take a lot of glamorous girls abroad for shoots. That must be fun.

'Well, I enjoy it, but it's certainly not a holiday. Here, we try to shoot one day and then leave a day to arrange the next day's shooting. We never shoot on successive days.

'But when you're abroad, you have to shoot every day and that has its drawbacks. You're thinking of locations for the next day while you're shooting today, and you can't always concentrate as you'd like to.'

Then all the girls disappear on the first night with foreign gentlemen . . .

'Not with us they don't. I always pick the girls to be part of the team and they're involved all the time. Stills photographers always moan that their models play them up. But, with us, the girls are involved in checking locations and buying props all the time. They don't have time to get bored.

Unreliability

'Besides, with the number of people involved in a shoot – and it can be anything from 24 to more than 30 people – I insist on models who are reliable. Anyone who has the slightest reputation for unreliability doesn't work for us. It's one thing letting a stills photographer down – it probably costs him a couple of hundred – but it's another matter all together with a video crew. Thousands of pounds are involved.'

All those people on set must inhibit any sexual antics, anyway?

'As you know perfectly well, that sort of thing happens very rarely on stills sets. But stills photography is much more personal. It can happen between a photographer and a model alone. And sometimes sexual sparks begin to fly. Sure.

Professional

'On a video set, you have to have the lighting people, the make-up people, probably the set builders as well. And the camera crew. It does stop anything like that.'

Do all those bods inhibit the models as well?

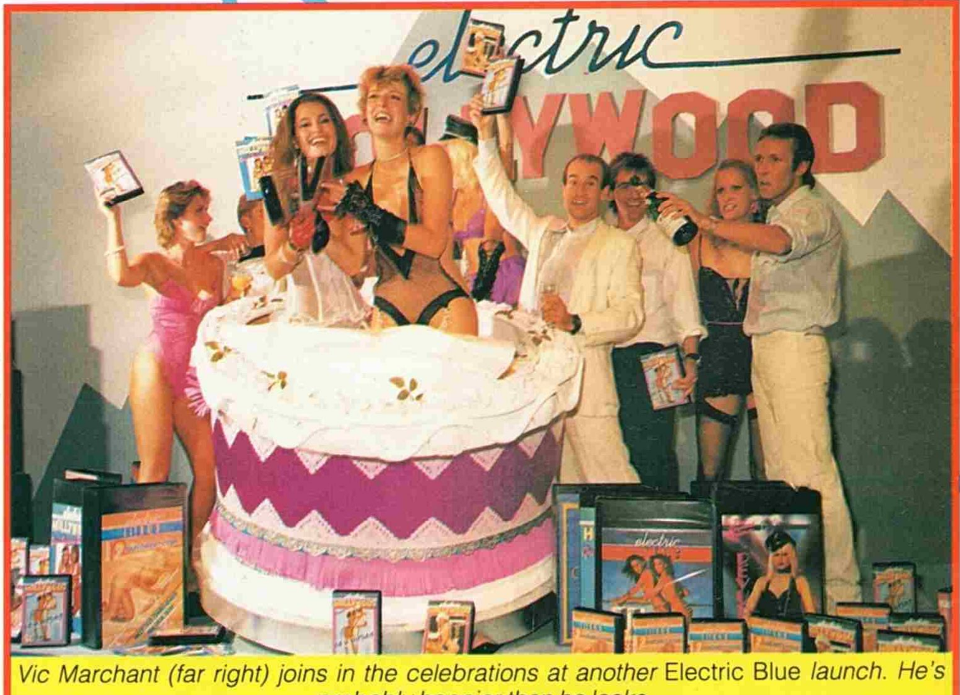
'They can do. Of course, the more professional a girl is, the better she can handle it. Some of the new girls are inhibited, yes. I always try to keep the number of people on set to a minimum. We're always getting requests from journalists and so on to sit in on a shoot. Sometimes we do let them – it depends on the girl and what you're shooting – but, really – the fewer people around, the better.'

Assuming anyone still wants this amazingly glamorous job, after you've ruined all our fantasies about it, how does one apply?

'One doesn't. One just falls into it like I did.'

You had a background in film?

'Well, I worked for Granada TV for a couple of years. But most of my youth was spent travelling around enjoying myself. I got involved with stills photography, as an assistant – you may have seen me as the



Vic Marchant (far right) joins in the celebrations at another Electric Blue *launch. He's probably happier than he looks*

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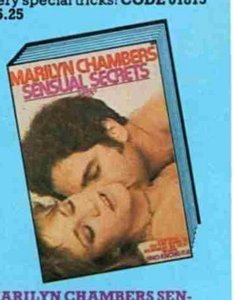

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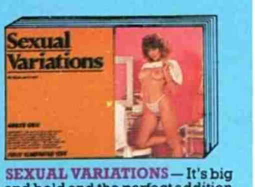

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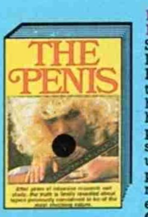

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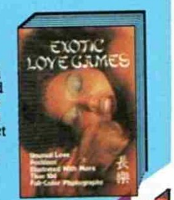

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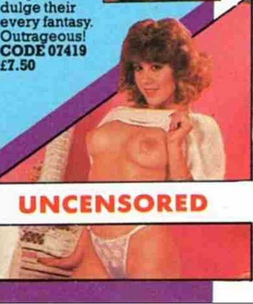

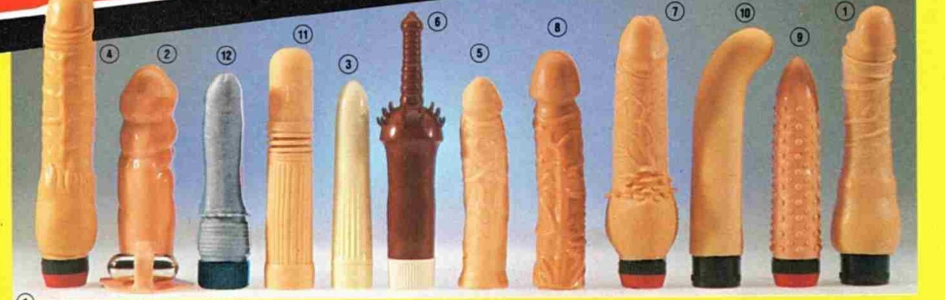

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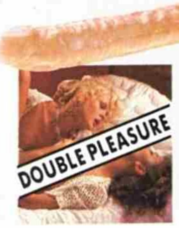

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C13

'Shooting a video is expensive. We can quite easily, on a simple little shoot, spend £12,000 a day . . .'

pair of trousers in the foreground of a glamour set. I played the odd elbow and ankle here and there. That's how I got to meet the people on the magazines; the people who started Electric Blue.'

Were you in on the first one?

'No. That was put together by Tony Power (Editor of *Men Only* at that time), Roger Cook (Editor of Club International then) and Adam Cole, who was a film maker.

Strange Tape

'It was very much an experiment to see if a video magazine was worth doing.

'It was a very strange tape, that first one. No one, of course, really knew what they were doing, and it was put together like a men's magazine. We had one girl set that went on for about 14 minutes; we never do more than five minutes now. There was a long cartoon, Fiona Richmond interviewing people in the street . . . all sorts of stuff.'

Was it supposed to take over from printed magazines?

'No, I don't think so. At that time there were no more than 30,000 video recorders in the country. VHS and Betamax were just starting out, and no one knew one from the other.'

So it was a brilliant punt at the future.

'Perhaps. No one was better placed than those three to see how the market might go. But, really, I think it was done as an experiment, pure and simple. It didn't cost much to make and they just fancied having a go at it.

'At that time there were hardly any video shops. They distributed maybe 500 that way and the rest was done mail order, which was the most valuable side of it in those days.'

That was the way everyone bought their saucy films.

'That's right. We had the first one on 8mm and Super 8, as well as video – remember Super 8? It makes it seem a *very* long time ago!'

And it worked?

'They gave it a month or so and it seemed to work well enough to do another. That was when they needed someone to help them make the things. And I was available.'

Has the format changed much over the years?

'The concept has remained much the same. We were the first video magazine and we still have a magazine format. Based around girl sets, two-girl and boy-girl features. Then we add anything else which will entertain people – short sexy films, pop videos, sports clips. A genuine magazine format.

No Competition

'Having said that, it's changed from number one. Perhaps we have swung more to the sex side of it – which we always knew was what people wanted – and had less of the sort of stuff a viewer can get on ordinary television. But we would never be entirely sex; people need to be given a rest from the erotic stuff, and I'm sure our format is right from that point of view.'

You've certainly always been in the video top twenty.

'For one reason or another we have been successful. Of course, we've really had no competition – at least not in this country.'

How many viewers do you have?

'That's always difficult to assess. There are about 10,000 video shops out there. But nowadays they rent tapes out and they'll probably only take one from us. The people that hire them often show them in groups.

'I did try to work it out at one time. Say we sell to 500 shops who rent it out 30 times, that's 15,000. Multiply by the number of people who watch it, borrow it and so on. At a conservative estimate, say 500,000 people see each tape around the time of publication.

Durable Product

'It's very like calculating a men's magazine readership, except that our product is more durable. Over the years, we may sell 10,000 of one tape easily. We still duplicate the first programme at least once a week.'

Do you do other programmes?

'Electric Blue is the main one, but we do spin-offs. *Adult Party Games* is one, there was jelly wrestling and a big boobs special – that sort of thing.'

They're an hour long, cost £34.90 and come out quarterly. Did you ever think of bringing them out monthly and really competing with the printed magazines?

'They were always supposed to be quarterly. Quite honestly, the production schedule would make it hard to do any more. Add to that the hour we do for American cable TV and it would be almost impossible to go monthly.'

Do you think video magazines will ever put Club International out of business?

'I don't think they ever will. There are a lot of things you can't duplicate on video; a whole area of imagination which a visual image limits.

'Video can entertain more, because it does more than provide an image and can involve the viewer much more than stills photography. But books and magazines will always exist. Take me; I watch video all day at work, then I go home and watch more. I'm obsessed with film and image. But I still read books and magazines a lot, too.'

What have mags got that video hasn't?

'Well, to put it at the crudest level, in this business it's a lot easier to take a mag into the bog than a video!'

Do you find that video can do what feminists say still images can't, ie display your models as real women rather than as sex objects?

'It's true you can't label people so narrowly on video. But, having said that, we are very stylised. We try to glamorize our girls. That's what our viewers want.

'Of course, it's nice to see the other side – which we do with our "girl next door" features. But like all film, we stylize. You don't try to show reality on film; it's too boring. You can see that on the street.'

What is your style?

'It is glamour: making girls look as good as we possibly can. That's our production by-word.

'It's great to spend money on visual effects – we're as vulnerable to video tricks and self-gratification as anyone else – but at the end of the day, Electric Blue is the one that sacrifices the decoration to make the girl look really good.

Very Glamorous

'That's us. Everyone else might use the second-best shot of the girl because the camera movement was great. Not us. The girl comes first.'

So you produce a very professional electric glamour show.

'That description doesn't really fit. It's a magazine, entertaining as a magazine does. Where glamour is the subject, we're very glamorous, yes.

'The fact that we are a magazine is very important to us. Especially now because of the Video Display Act. Electric Blue 20 is the first programme to need a certificate from the censors and we have just got the 18 cert.'

What does the Act mean to you?

'It means that all films and videos – with a few exceptions like instruction on gardening – have to be certified by the BBSC censors.

'We're looking at it quite positively. It should give us greater exposure. Some people haven't liked to stock us in the past. Now, with an 18 certificate, everybody will

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Marchant (white T-shirt) makes sure the 'shooting' goes straight

be keen to stock us and we should do better.'

So you're not entirely against the Act?

'I just accept it. I'm not entirely in favour of the climate we have in this country, but there's nothing I can do about it, so I accept it.

'That's from the company's point of view. From an idealistic point of view, I think it's a vicious form of censorship, and very dangerous. People don't realize yet what it can lead to. It may well spread to theatre, books, magazines. From the point of view of personal freedom, it could be horrific.

'But from Electric Blue's point of view I don't lose any sleep over it.'

The Act came in to control video nasties.

'That was nothing to do with us, of course. And I think it was something that was blown out of all proportion by the Press.

Slagging Off

'Just recently, they did five minutes on *News at Ten* on a book which is supposed to show the effects of video nasties on 5-9 year-olds.

'The book is years out of date and has been proved to be wrong. But the Press don't know that – they're not specialized enough.'

What the media do know is the gut worries of their audiences, though.

'Yes, but it doesn't make sense. It's not true.'

We have an interesting spectacle of one form of the entertainment industry slagging off another on exactly the same criterion. You give your audience what they want, and the news people are giving their viewers what they want to hear.

'It doesn't affect us directly, because we have nothing to do with that sort of thing. But it has brought in this Act which does hit us.'

Does it affect you much? Electric Blue has never been that strong.

'That's a very subjective thing. Some people would say we're strong. We've never been hardcore, no. We have always stayed within the Obscene Publications Act as it is being interpreted at the time. We have always gone as strong as we could within those limits.'

That means what? Simulated intercourse?

'Yes. And two-girl sets. We've always preferred to shoot two girls together than boy-girl, for some reason.'

Will that have to change now?

'We can still do that, although it can be shot a little more softly. I wish I could say exactly what the censors want. I can't. It has to be a little less explicit (if that means anything) and it has to be less gratuitous. There has to be more justification for what everybody is doing in the film – not just a string of sexy bits bunged together. The concept is very important.

'For us, that means emphasizing the fact that we are a magazine a little more.'

It all sounds very grey. How do the censors work?

'I wish I knew. We have discussions with them, and, in conjunction with their views (which are never hard and fast), we produce a programme which we submit to them.'

Without any hard and fast guidelines?

'That's right. The law is very uncertain and they prefer to keep it like that. There is a good argument for that, because if the guidelines were laid down in black and white, someone would find a way round them.'

Have you got a line on it yet?

'Well, EB 20 is the first programme made since the Act came in, and we got a certificate with no changes on that. On the other hand, we have a spin-off called *Adult Party Games* and they just don't like *that* at all!

Grey Area

'Put the two together, and you couldn't say one is stronger than the other. But they don't like the concept of *Party Games*. They've somehow decided it is too gratuitous. It's a very grey area.'

One more worry to spoil the perfect job. You must be working all the time.

'Pretty much. My life runs in quarterly cycles. I spend seven weeks on the concept and the pre-production, then there's the shooting and finally the post-production, dubbing and editing which always takes the most time.

'After that I feel like a day off, but there's the office to run and the organization to catch up with.'

But at least there's no one to argue with about content.

'That's the advantage of seeing it through from beginning to end. When I think up a concept, I imagine the music and the effects and so on. And I can make one programme with a view to the next.

'The disadvantage is that you are too close to it. It would be nice to be able to step outside and look at the thing objectively.'

Do you have to chose the models as well? The viewers' dream?

'Yes. Although we've been around so long that agencies send us the best new girls anyway. And the girls who work for us get a fee for introducing others and so on. It pretty much runs itself.

'Of course, we're always looking for fresh faces.'

Do models offer themselves out of the blue?

'Yes. But usually they've been weeded out by the time they come in here, so it saves me a lot of wasted time.

'I shouldn't say this, but, really – the *state* of some of the girls who think themselves glamorous enough to appear in the nude . . . !

'And like most of us, I'm too soft-hearted to say: "Look, you're really *much* too ugly, *go away at once!*"

'So I say: "Well, you're not right for this one, but we'll keep it on file and if anything comes up . . . "

'And they don't take the hint; they keep ringing up and saying: "When is it? Is it next week?"

'Very glamorous.'

What are you looking for in a model? Is it different from stills?

'Yes. It's not as easy as stills. You get girls who look fine in stills, but just can't move with any style whatsoever.

Hopeless

'We're not looking for great actresses – and it's just as well we're not. But the majority of girls just cannot move stylishly. Fabulous-looking girls who are great models are hopeless when you ask them to just walk across a room. It's a revelation.'

Is projecting sex appeal different in videos?

'That's all tied in with movement. It's a rule that, on video, no one must be absolutely still, no matter how small the movement might be.

'If you get a beautiful girl who takes down her knickers as if she was changing for tennis, then it's up to you to direct her into some sort of movement which is acceptable.'

It doesn't sound very erotic.

'It's not. And it's not erotic shooting something on a set. It's basically hard work. There are so many things to be thinking about – sound, movement, everything: all the things a stills photographer has to worry about. And about 20 more as well.'

But a lot more fun than most people's jobs?

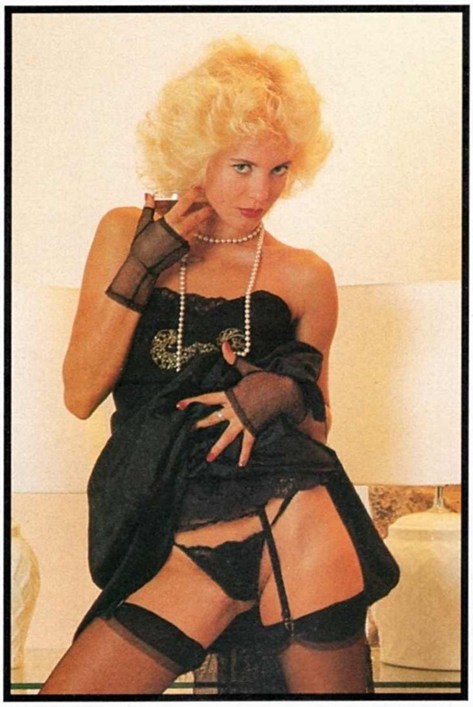
'Of course. By a long, long, way.'

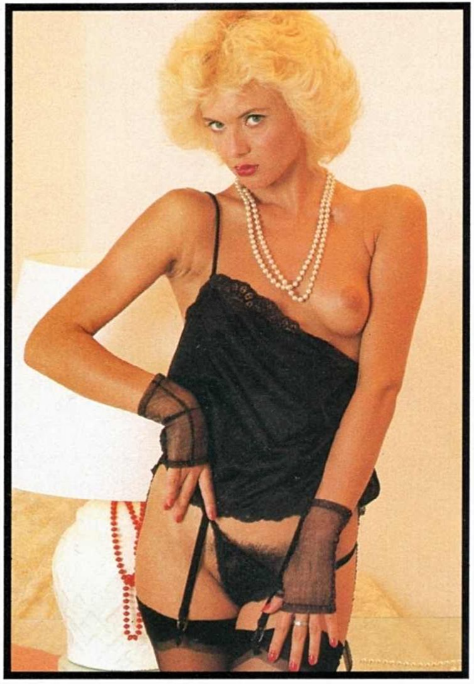
Which has been your favourite programme?

'Always the next one.'

And what is the next one? We owe you a plug.

'Electric Blue 20: starring Debee Ashby as presenter!! Stephanie Beacham in the raw!! Astronauts in space!! Sexy fun in Ibiza, and, as we say in the trade . . . and much, much more!'





Joyce

Photographs by Serge Jacques

club

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The Riding Lesson

Extract from The Pearl (NEL £1.95) by kind permission of New English Library.

The youthful, eager and dashing Walter steps into his riding breeches to run an errand for his father to the Colonel's wife, who languishes at home, bereft of male company and desperate to take advantage of any remotely capable gentleman in the boudoir department. At first, however, all she offers him is a cup of chocolate . . .

"Papa made a few incredulous, ironical remarks about the youth of the present day, and then – breakfast being over – as he rose from the table, said: 'Walter, would you mind riding a dozen miles to oblige me? Frank would not be ready to start for an hour at least; besides, I would rather trust you than him with the lady my note is for; Mrs Colonel Leslie is both young and gay, and I would rather not run the risk of Frank being one day a correspondent in the Divorce Court, and caution you to take care of yourself.'

"I readily assented, more especially when I noticed a shade of jealous anxiety flit across Annie's tell-tale face. The horse was already at the door, so, springing into the saddle, I rode off with a fluttering anticipation of something racy being likely to turn up. I shall not trouble about my reflections during this delightful hour's ride; the atmosphere was most deliciously bracing, and my thoughts were so amorously bent that when I reined up at the lodge-gate, at the entrance to the Colonel's grounds, I felt that I could fuck anything in petticoats, from a witch to a gatepost; the gatekeeper soon passed me in, and springing from my saddle before the door of a fine old Elizabethan hall, my knock was promptly responded to by a most handsome young coloured fellow with a Hindu cast of features.

"Mrs. Leslie was at home, and he begged I would excuse her coming down to the drawing room, as she was still at her toilette, and would immediately see me in her private boudoir.

"This courteous message revived all my romantically amorous ideas, with which I had indulged myself during my ride.

"Ushered into the boudoir, I found the lady of the house to be a beautiful brunette of about three-and-twenty, with a most bewitching expression of countenance, whilst her large, full dark eyes seemed to read my very soul as she extended her hand and drew me to a seat by her side, saying: 'So, you are cousin Walter, I suppose; how is it that Frank did not ride over with his papa's note? But tell him,' she added, with a very arch look, 'that I was quite as well pleased to see you, and that I consider his cousin quite as fascinating as himself.'

"Then ringing the bell, she continued, 'Will you take a cup of chocolate with me after your ride? It will invigorate me for the serious business of your uncle's note,' opening a drawer and laying several bundles of papers like legal documents on the table, just as the servant entered (he was the good-looking Hindu who had first introduced me).

"Mrs Leslie: 'Vishnu, bring up the chocolate, with two cups and some biscuits, and mind not to forget the flask of noyau,' remarking to me as he disappeared: 'Is he not a good-looking heathen? The Colonel had him long before he married me, and I call him his principal Hindu deity; whenever I look at him it puts me in mind of Joseph and Potiphar's wife, especially now the Colonel is away; do you not think it a burning shame to leave a young wife all alone by herself?'

Luscious Bosom

"She continued to run on in this curious way, without giving me a chance to make a reply or observation in return, as she busied herself laying out the papers, making pretence of an awful lot of business to be gone through.

"The servant now brought in the chocolate &c., and was dismissed with the order to tell Annette that her mistress would be too busy for some time, and was not to be disturbed until she rung for the completion of her toilette.

"My hostess was a most charming object as she moved about in her dressing gown, which was rather open at the neck, so as to display the upper part of the snowy prominences of her luscious bosom, besides which I caught glimpses of her naked feet, with nothing on but the most *petite* blue satin slippers.

"Presently she poured out two cups of chocolate, put in a little of the noyau, and presenting me with one of them took her seat by my side, on the soft yielding lounge. 'Drink it off as I do,' she said. 'It will do you far more good than sipping and allowing it to get cold.'

"We both drank our small cups at a draught,

Illustrations by Dave Antony

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and I almost instantly felt a thrill of voluptuous warmth rush through my frame, and looking at my fair companion, her eyes seemed to sparkle with a strange amorous fire.

"The devil was in me; in less time than it takes to write it, my empty cup was put on the table, and my disengaged arm placed round her neck; I drew her face to mine, and imprinted several kisses on her lips and cheeks as my other hand took possession of that inviting bosom; she was covered with blushes as she exclaimed: 'Fie! Fie, sir!! How can you take such liberties when I can't help myself without dropping my cup?'

"Dear lady, excuse my liberties, and don't distress yourself. I am really greatly obliged to the cup for its assistance; how can I look upon such loveliness without being tempted, yes, tempted! Without being driven mad by the sight of such charms; you will excuse, you will pardon my presumption, I am sure,' I ejaculated, throwing myself upon my knees before her and hiding my face in her lap, as I clasped my arms nervously round her waist, and could feel her whole frame tremble with emotion.

"Suddenly she seemed to start with pain as she exclaimed: 'Ah! Goodness! Oh! Oh! Oh!! the cramp in my legs. Oh! Oh!' as the cup was thrown down by her side. 'Oh, release me, sir! Oh, Walter, excuse me, I must rub it!'

"Here was a splendid opportunity to improve a lucky chance. 'Permit me, poor dear lady, you are in such dreadful pain, and I am a medical student,' I said, making bold to raise her dressing gown and chafe her lovely calves with my eager hands; what lovely legs I now beheld, with not a vestige of anything on them; my blood was on fire, my fingers gradually wandered higher and higher, and I could not refrain from imprinting kisses on the delicious soft, pinky flesh, as she seemed rather to sigh than speak: 'Oh! thank you, pray don't, it's so indelicate, and the cramp is gone now.'

"'No, no, dear Madame, the nervous contractions of your beautiful thighs convince me that it is higher up, and will return again in a few moments, unless I can relieve you; indeed, you must not mind me, as I am a medical man,' I quickly replied, making bolder advances every moment, and taking advantages of the warm temperament I knew she possessed.

"'You rogue; you young villain! Your touches and kisses have undone me. How can I resist a handsome student? Oh, Walter, Walter, I must have you! I had only been trying to draw you out a little, never thinking you were such a young gallant; and now I am caught in my own net!

"'Ah! What a hurry. You'll spoil it all by your impetuosity; you shall never have me without first kissing the shrine of love.

Lovely Thighs

"'Sir!' pushing me away, as I was endeavouring to get between her lovely thighs. 'Strip, strip, sir, I must see my Adonis, as your Venus now unveils herself to you,' throwing off her dressing gown (which I now saw was her only article of clothing); and drawing my face down to hers, she thrust her tongue into my mouth, 'tipping the velvet' in the most delicious style of voluptuous abandon, and delightfully handling my prick and balls at the same time. It was too much for my impatient steed – my spendings flew all over her hands and my body almost instantly.

"'Ah! What a naughty impatient boy, to come so quickly! Pull off your clothes, sir, and let us take our fill of love on yonder bed. My husband deserves this, for leaving me open to such temptation. You dear boy, how I shall love you; what a fine prick you have, and so – so – what do they call it? – (blushing at her words) so randy! That's what the Colonel says of the young fellows. Isn't it a dreadfully rude word, Walter? But so full of meaning. Whenever he said so, I couldn't help wishing for a handsome, randy young gentleman, such as your uncle has sent me today.'

"This is how she ran on, as I threw off everything, and I was as naked as herself in a trice; then, hugging, kissing, belly to belly, and handling each other's charms in every possible way, we slowly progressed towards the inviting bed in the other room; once or twice I stopped and tried to get my prick into her standing up, but she would have none of that, and at last, when her bottom rested against the edge of the bed, she ordered me to kneel down and kiss the seat of love; how my tongue searched out her fine, stiff clitoris, which projected quite an inch-and-a-half from the lips of her vagina. I sucked it in ecstasy, and titillated her sensitive organs so that she spent profusely in a minute or two, holding my head with her hands to make me go on; it was a most deliciously enjoyable gamahuche; my tongue revelled in her creamy emission, till she begged me to come on the bed and let her enjoy my fine prick. So I ended this prelude with a playful, loving bite on her excited clitoris, and then, springing to my feet, we rolled on to the bed, her ready hand grasping my cock, as I mounted on her lovely body.

Deliciously Tight

"'What a shame!' she sighed. 'How you have been spending, you naughty boy. You won't have much left for me now; but he's fine and stiff' as she squeezed it in her hand, and brought the head of my affair to the mark.

"I found her deliciously tight, and assured her she was quite a virgin.

"'So I should be, my dear Walter, but for you. The Colonel has got so little to please me with, that, tight as I am, I can hardly feel him! Now your jewel of pleasure makes me feel gorged with delight!'

"Her motions were as lascivious as her words. She writhed and threw up her buttocks with extraordinary rapidity and energy, whilst I was equally eager and rapid in ramming into her delicious cunt.

"I was ready as if I had never spent, and we swam in a mutual emission almost immediately, both of us being so overcome by our feelings that we almost swooned in delight. This only lasted for a minute; the throbbing and contracting of the folds of her vagina on my enraptured prick awoke me to renewed efforts, and we were rapidly progressing towards another spend, when she checked me, and begged I would withdraw for a little, when she would amuse me till she felt she must have him again, and she added: 'I shall enjoy it so much more if I can make you last longer. Sit on my body, Walter dear, and lay your beautiful prick between the globes of my bosom; you shall spend there next time. I can't help telling you what a fine one it is, over and over again!'

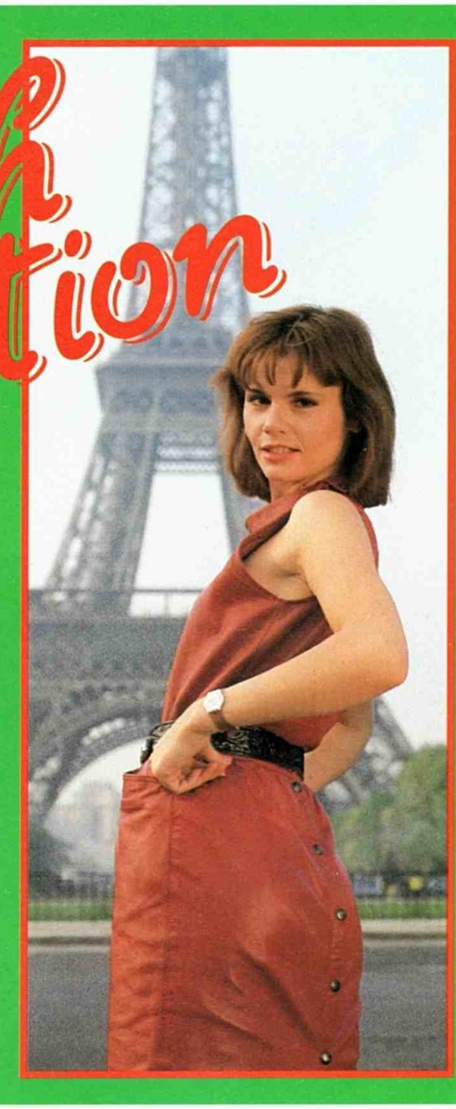
"She went on caressing it with her hand, and making her two bubbies close upon it, so that I could work between them. It was another delicious idea, but she had not exhausted all her ways of exciting me. Her other hand passed under my thigh, and I thought she was frigging herself, but it was only to wet her finger. This made me come again almost directly.

"'Now,' said she, 'I mean to ride on you, and make it last as long as possible, so let us reverse positions.'

"This was done, and she rode me and stopped alternately for about 20 minutes, when we met in a glorious flow of sperm.

"'What do you think of that!' she exclaimed, as soon as she recovered her breath. 'We will get up and answer your uncle's letter now, and you shall promise to come again soon.'"

The French Connection



You've got to hand it to the French. When it comes to glamour, style, chic – call it what you will – they've got it off to a fine art. In Paris, they have the fashion capital of the world; they produce (and consume in great quantities) the world's finest wines; their lifestyle revolves around cuisine which is the envy of everyone else. Christ – they even have a bloody good football team.

And you're right; there is *something we've left out.* Les jeunes filles. *The French* mesdamoiselles *have that special . . . well, let's call it that* special *something which makes them so irresistibly attractive.*

And that's what The French Connection *is all about. It's our way of bringing 'that special something' to you without you even having to go any further than your nearest newsagent's. So who needs a Channel tunnel when you've got Club International?*

Making the connection for us this month is Yvette. A native of Strasbourg, the Franco-German border town which sometimes plays host to the European Parliament, this 22-year-old student of philosophy is making her first appearance in a British magazine. In good English, but with that knee-weakening French accent, she tells us that flaunting her gorgeous body is something she loves doing.

'I have always liked to appear sexy for the boys,' she says. 'I like very much the idea of appearing sexy for many, many boys, and I like to think that my pictures make the boys feel sexy, too. It would be very erotic for me to watch a boy masturbating while he is looking at pictures of me in a magazine.'

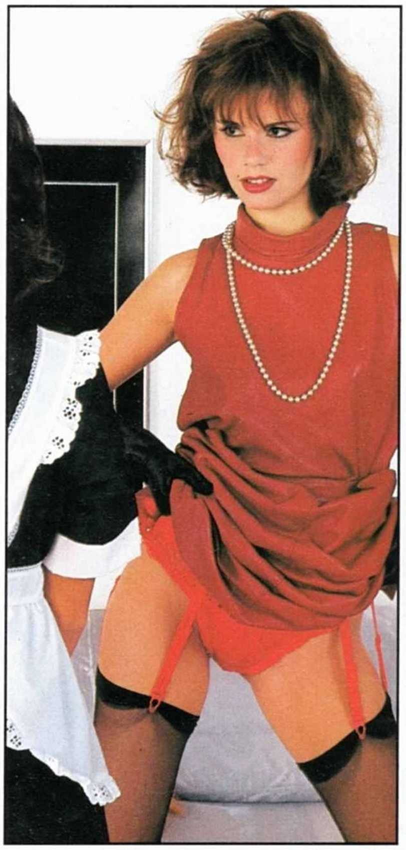
So how does Yvette go about 'appearing sexy' for her personal menfriends?

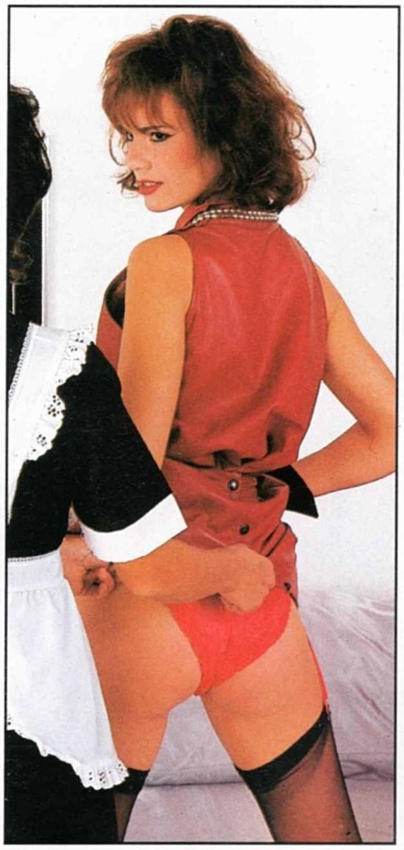
'The glamorous underwear is what the men like, I know that. But using my face is very, very important. For example, I will use a sexy expression like this . . . or perhaps like this. Body Language *it is called; yes, I am a big user of Body Language.'*

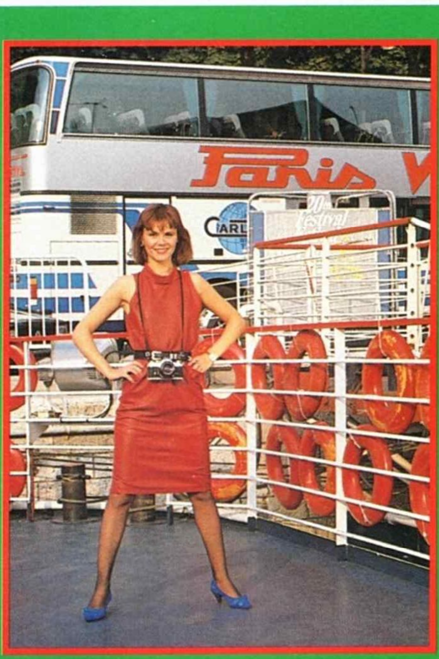
And the way Yvette speaks it, you certainly don't need a phrase book to understand.

Another French Connection *for you next month,* mes amis.

Photographs by Rupert Daines



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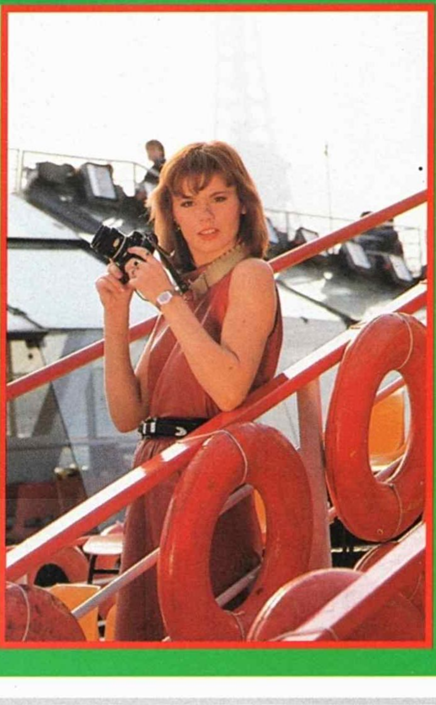

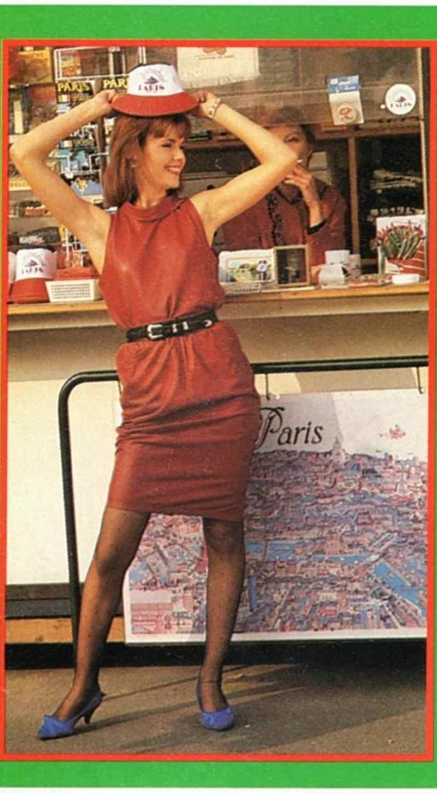
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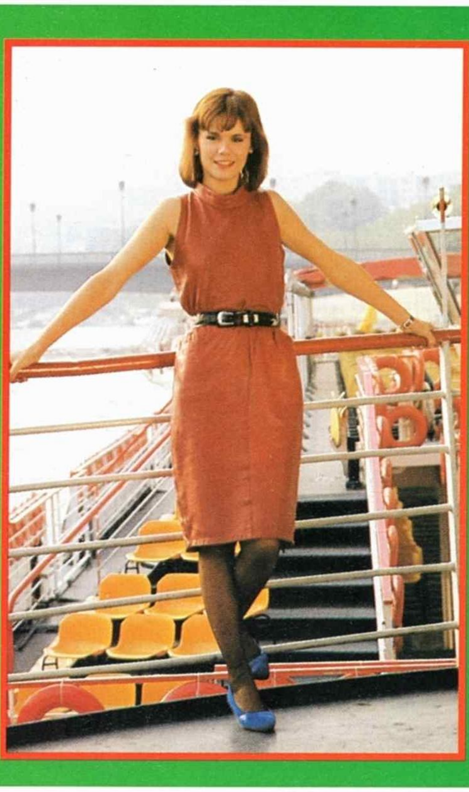

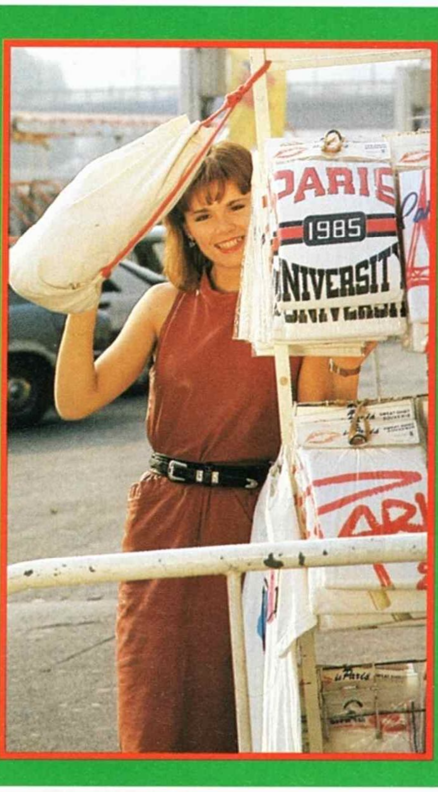
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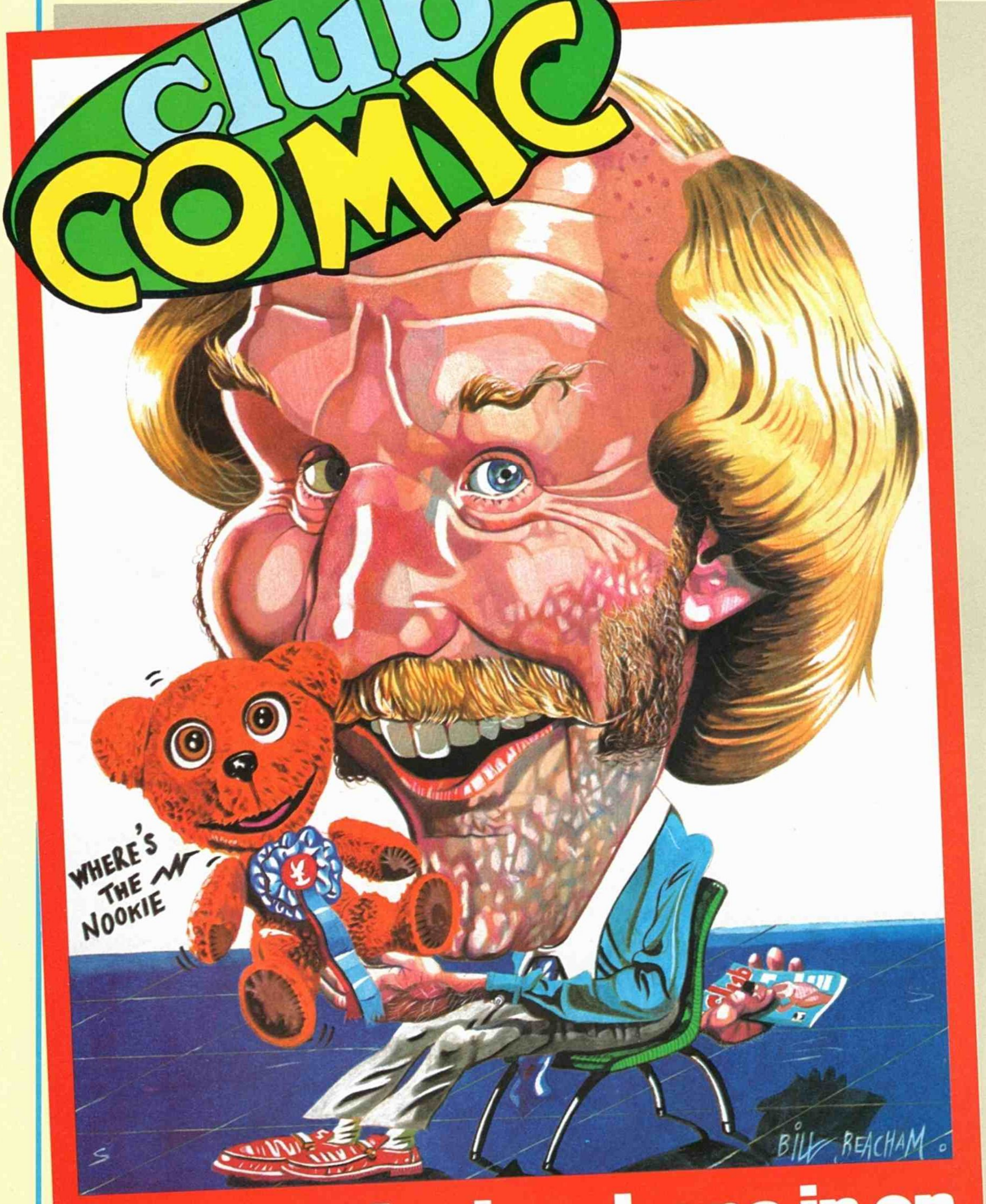


Brian O'Hanlon drops in on

ROGER DE COURCEY

Nookie began life in a broom cupboard, rather than under a mulberry bush. He was discovered by his mentor, Roger de Courcey, in a Scout hall at Stony Stratford. 'There was Trevor Little, myself, a drag act and two or three girls. We found this bag full of jumble. Well, it was a bloody awful night. Everyone was a bit pissed off, and the girls started taking things onstage with them, and everybody followed suit. I was last on because the rest had other shows to do that evening; I looked around, and found this bear. I went on, doing stand-up patter and somebody shouted out: "What's the bleedin' bear for, then?" So I tossed it over my shoulder, and it brought the house down.

'But how it really began was when I did the *Hippodrome*, Coventry. There was this assistant property master, Peter Pullen, whose one job was to make the "splosh" for Freddie Davis and Norman Vaughan when they did the Charlie Carioli splosh scene slapstick business. Peter says to me: "One day I'm going to have a business of my own making props".

Ambition

'The next month I went up to the *Dolce Vita*, Birmingham, for Christmas week. I got on the train, and who should be sitting next to me but Peter Pullen. I said: "You couldn't make me a bear, could you?" – he had realized his ambition of having his own property company by then – and he said he would.

"'I'll make you a ventriloquist's doll, Roger", he said. I thought about it – I'm not very good at venting – and said to myself, why not? The basics were not too difficult because of the operatic training I had as a youngster. I knew how to pitch the voice differently, and how to use my tongue. I'm not a technical vent like Neville King or Ray Alan, who are both brilliant. I went to see Neville. He told me: "Bad vents always must have a dummy that comes alive, so that people watch *that*, and not you". And that's what I did.'

All this Nookie in rustic Hertfordshire – but where is the bear? Mr de Courcey shakes his head. 'Not allowed, is he? I mean, he's an evil bastard, and you can't have a bear effing and blinding at breakfast – not with a young lad in the house. I mean, I've got the loveliest wife in the world. Cheryl's been in the business – she was last year's Lady Ratling – but even her tolerance was pushed over the top when the bear says he's skint, can't pay the rent, but will 30 pots of honey a week be okay?'

Mr de Courcey shakes his head and offers me a chocolate biscuit, as we look through the French windows observing the workforce bringing in bags of sand and cement to build the snooker room as an extension of his garage.

'Of course, he wasn't always called Nookie. His first name was "Bollocks". I did stand-up patter and gradually introduced the bear more and more in the act. It was ten years ago at *Sands* discotheque, Luton, that I auditioned for *New Faces*. I had done about four or five before, but had never got in.

'It's bloody cold; brass monkey weather. I watch a bloody awful comic, a sand dancer, and another bloody awful act, and suddenly I don't care. I flip. And then the bear starts mouthing as it's our turn and we get on stage. For some reason, there's an imitation fountain going full rattle behind us, making a bloody row, and the producer's taking pep pills to keep awake. "Good morning, gentlemen", I begin, and the the bear starts. "What the fucking hell are we doing in this gaff?" "Mind your language, this is an audition!" I tell him. "Arseholes!" he says. "Can't they turn that fucking fountain off?" I did eight minutes. I threw everything in. I did the works, and Les Cox, the producer, and his assistant are all falling about.

'The bear finishes by telling a dancer he'd like to give her one – I mean, he really *was* naughty – and Les comes up and says: "Can you work clean?" "You pen and ink a bit your bleedin' self!" the bear tells him. Les ignores him. I mean – you don't take that sort of shit from bears. Not in Luton before lunchtime. "What's his name?" asks Les. "Bollocks", I say. "Leave it out", says Les; "*New Faces* is a family show. I mean, you can't go on with *Bollocks*". "You tried walking to Clapham without them?" says the bear.

'So I had to change my act. I used to say: "Well it's goodnight from me, and Bollocks from him . . ." Anyway, my surname is most un-Vauxhallish (Vauxhall, London, is where I was born). Roger de Courcey-Cooke. That's right. *Mit* the hyphen, *mit* the 'e' on the end, and my old Dad was always called "Nookie".

'I think it was from his Army days. You know: "Lookie lookie here comes Cookie." That sort of thing. My Mum always called him Nook. So I thought I would call the bear after Dad, without realizing at the time the connotations of the word.'

Pantomime

Is he insured? 'No. I went into it once. They only way they would insure him was for loss of earnings. I mean, they would have to pick him up in a Securicor van every night and take him away after the show. Can you imagine the language?'

Roger de Courcey is understandably chuffed that this year, for the first time, he has written a complete pantomime. He's not – Nookie's not – a children's comic, but panto is something that all the pros like to do. This Christmas he's at Porthcawl *Pavilion*. What's it called? Mr de Courcey has another chocolate biscuit and says: *'Goldilocks Fucks Nookie Bear* . . . no, no, no. Hold on. It's *Goldilocks And The Three Bears*. I mean, it would have to be, wouldn't it? You can't have a bear in bloody *Cinderella*, or *Jack And The Beanstalk*, can you?

'These days I mostly do one-nighters – conferences and after-dinner speeches. Very, very little cabaret. Conferences, you get lovely people. They've had a nice day. They've had their seminar, they work hard, they've had their evening meal. They don't really want the managing director to get up and speak again, or the marketing bloke giving them yet more hype. Basically, what I do is some of the act. I always get bumf from the companies I work for as to who will be there, and what they do. I swot it up, name two or three people in the audience they would perhaps like me to have a gentle dig at; take the mickey out of the opposition.

'It's surprising. I get up, get the bloody bear out, and from him comes all the bumf about the company. They love it. "How did he know that?" they say. It's not the same as walking on stage in front of a lot of people. "Get fooking bear out!". This from a potz behind a champagne bottle. "How long you been talking to bears, then?" I ask him. Twat.'

> *'THE BEAR FINISHES BY TELLING A DANCER HE'D LIKE TO GIVE HER ONE – I MEAN HE REALLY WAS NAUGHTY . . .'*

'You won't be able to use this in the article, but I'll never forget the first time I played a London club – *The Latin Quarter*. We're doing the floorshow, and it comes to my spot. There are a few punters with hostesses out front, getting a champagne injection every time they open their mouths. I mean the bird's got one hand on his cobblers, the other on the Dom Perignon. I walk out. "Hello love, how are you? Nice to see you", I say to the bird at the first table just beneath me right up to the stage. She turns round, still holding the champagne, stares, and says: "Why don't you fuck off!" That done me. I just stood there and froze. That's London. "Have another steak, darling", she says to the bloke. Bloody brass. And I was only singing in those days. Now, if the bear had been there . . .

'You know, there are things that stick in your mind. I'm a Londoner from south of the river, right? I get asked to do a lot of stags. That's when the bear's in his element, running off at the mouth. I just sit back and let him carry on. I mean, when he gets started, he can even make *them* blush.

'I remember doing a stag in Bermondsey. It was at the time that some of the London mobs had been put inside. I didn't realize it, but the new head man – the chief villain south of the river – was there with a couple of minders. Anyway, in between shows, I'm having a bevy at the bar and he comes in. I freeze, because it's all broken noses and muscle power. He looks at me and beckons the finger. "You! Come 'ere!" I walk over pretty fast. "Fucking brilliant", he says; "magic . . . and I loved the parrot".

'"Yeah, well, thanks", I say, "but it's a bear . . ."

'The head minder turns to me and says: "If *he* says it's a fucking parrot, it's a fucking parrot, okay?"

Roger leans back and reflects. There's plenty of time. 'Don't worry,' he says. He's not playing golf until one. Last night he and Nookie entertained the troops at Aldershot – 'Totally out-effed them, he did. I'm not a naturally funny person. I have to work hard at it. I envy people like Stan Boardman and Tarby (Jimmy Tarbuck) who are naturally funny, and who can turn it on and off; *just like that* – as Tommy Cooper used to say. I can't. I have to work at it.

'I'm not stagestruck. Never have been. I suppose if I look back, you only ever really get one chance. The person who came second to me in *New Faces* was Jim Davidson, and the third were a group called Monopoly . . .'

'Yes,' I cut in. 'The drummer, Brian – or "Harry", as you knew him – is the governor of the pub next door to my cottage. He says you used to call the bear "Pooh".'

'Well, I did for a few weeks, but the bear didn't like it. It sounded far too personal. I mean, how would you like to be called "Shithouse"?'

Happily Married

We agree there are names and names, and that "Bollocks" sounds far nicer than "Pooh".

Roger reflects on. It's a beautiful Saturday morning, and the sun is shining brilliantly in his Georgian close. 'I'm happily married. I've got a lovely wife' – very true – 'a wonderful son; a nice house. You can only drive one car at a time, and eat three meals a day. That suits me. I mean, when I come home here, I go up to my local pub if I'm not working at night for the last hour. Graham's the governor, and I'll be standing drinking with the regulars; blokes like Fred Sharp, the central heating man, and a few of the other boys. I'll have a couple of pints, and them come home. A lot of acts wouldn't do it. They would go to *Stringfellows*, or somewhere like that, where they want to be seen.

'In retrospect, if I had been a little more showbizzy, I might have well become a very big name. I can never be like the "Mr Nice Guys": the blokes who would stab you in the back in this business, as soon as they would look at you. I can never be like that. I've got to be honest. I'm a typical Sagittarian. I'm honest to the point of upsetting people sometimes, and the bloody bear does it all the time. That's why Cheryl's put the block on him staying here. I mean, before you knew it he'd be answering the 'phone. I came down one morning and he's negotiating fees with Laurie, my agent. "No, no", he's saying. "We want another wunner to go north of Watford, and separate dressing rooms, and you can chuck in the bird with the big knockers, the brass with the lovely legs, for me".

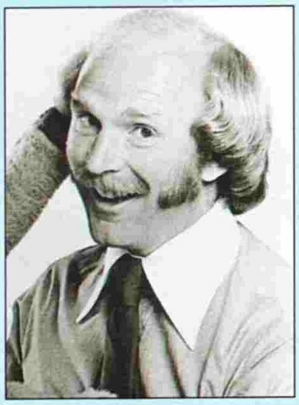
Better Looking

'Sometimes, people do get on my nerves about him. I'll go up and see Graham at my local. There's some berk in the bar I've never seen before. "Ha, ha", he says. "Where's Nookie?"

'"Anywhere you can get it", I tell him. Silly sod. You know, sometimes they think *I'm* the bear. I mean, they'll be standing next to you and talking about you as if you're a stuffed cabbage. "I think it's 'im . . . Naah, leave it out. Nookie's much better looking . . . I'm telling you, it's Roger de Courcey . . . Naah! I mean what's he doing *here*? Them people motor around in Rollers and charabancs, don't they?"'

Time to go. Time's gone very quickly. Roger de Courcey is my sort of man. Easy to talk to; no pissing about. One of the lads.

MY FAVOURITE GAG



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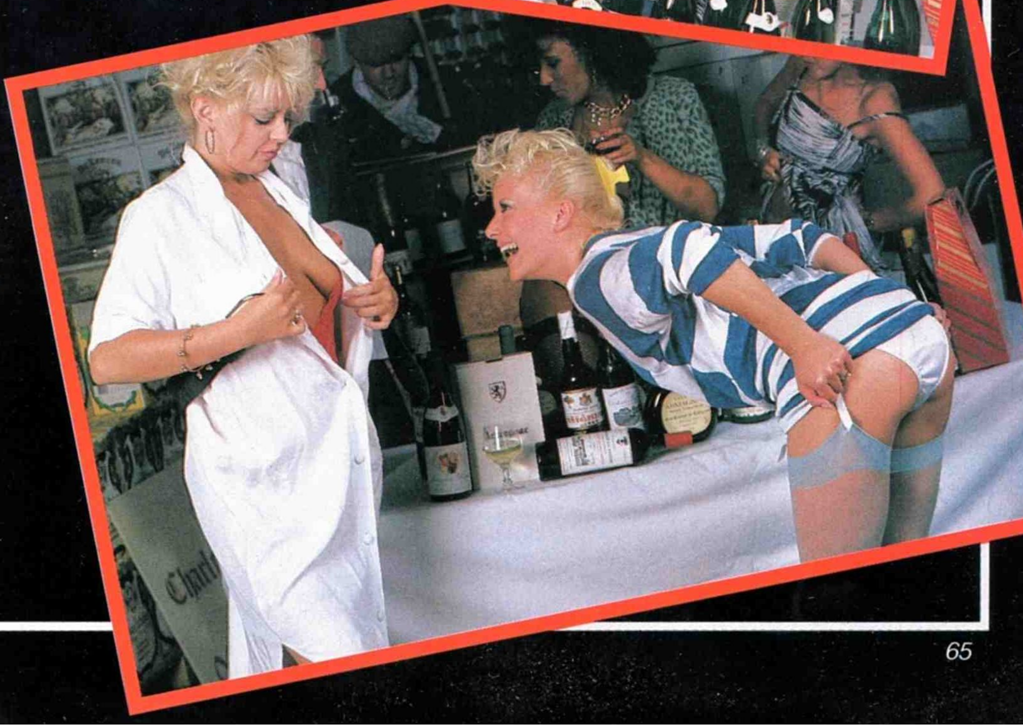
club Event



You're bound to have seen them on the box – those sober-suited types with clipboards wandering from glass to glass, swilling the contents around in their mouths, spitting the lot into a bucket, and muttering some claptrap about jolly amusing little numbers with fruity bouquets.

Well, the *Club Event* team have been and gone and re-written the rules of wine-tasting to such an extent that the sober-suited types would turn in their claret.

The rest of you, we should think, will be reaching for something a bit stronger than claret to steady your nerves. Because – let's face it – these pictures are sexy with a capital 'S', and it can only be a matter of time before you're all popping *your* corks.

All good stuff. But we had to at least *try* to bring some credibility to this affair, so we asked each of the girls in turn for their opinions of the vinos on offer.

Christine: 'That red one's quite nice with some lemonade in it.'

Sheena: 'It was gorgeous when someone spurted champagne all over my left tit. It really brought my nipple up.' *Ed's note: see picture for details.*

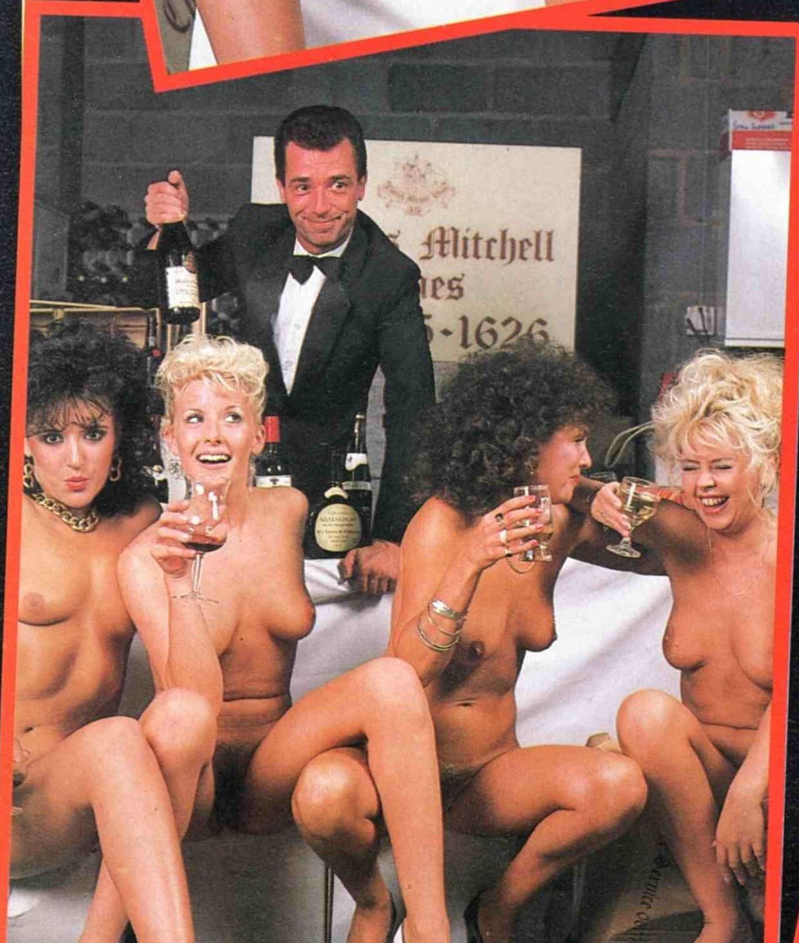
Jackie: 'I was quite keen on the rosé, but I don't think I could manage more than three half-pints.'

Evelyn: 'That man gave me a funny look when I asked him if he had any Sanatogen.'

As for the experts, it's their considered opinion that this *Club Event* is of a very good vintage indeed, and should keep well provided it's stored flat in your magazine rack.

Photographs by Paul Diamond

club Event



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EXIT

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF *The Godfather*

This month our regular feature profiles Don Vito Corleone, eminent olive oil importer, prominent Italian-American activist, philanthropist, friend to the stars, head of the largest criminal syndicate on the East Coast, and family man.

I am woken up by the merry whistling of the milkman, as he delivers the milk. I summon one of my men.

'Rico,' I tell him, 'the milkman, he wake me up again. You got to teach him some respect. You got to teach him to honour my position as Godfather to the community. You got to rip out his tongue and make him eat it!'

He nods, pats his Luger .49, and leaves. I roll over in bed and go to sleep . . . until I am woken up again by the screams of the milkman. I summon another employee.

'Frito,' I tell him. 'I am an old man. I need my sleep. And now I am woken up, for the second time this morning – this time by Rico killing the milkman. So now I ask you: shut Rico up, permanently.'

'At once, Godfather.'

'Oh, and Frito – do it *quietly*.'

I roll over and ponder on the difficulties we men of refinement have to put up with. For a start you just can't get good help any more.

Breakfast is at 10.30. The women have been up since six preparing the usual light breakfast of fettucini, linguini, canneloni, tortellini, vermicelli, ravioli, lasagne, macaroni, spaghetti and cocoa puffs, washed down with a little carafe of Chianti.

Important

After breakfast is time for lunch. For an important businessman like myself, lunch is a time for working. It is an old Sicilian tradition – you cannot refuse a favour to anyone who asks during your daughter's wedding, or while you are eating pasta.

Today it is the usual crowd of people – HM the Queen of Britain, The Pope, Mickey Mouse, and also my local baker, Vittorio Quattro Formaggio.

'Send in the baker first,' I tell Frito.

The baker, Vittorio, comes in, kisses my hand and tells me his trouble.

'You see, Godfather, I was-a inna the gents at my local, and I thought, maybe-a tonight Mamma Formaggio will be in the mood, so I put 50 cents into the condom machine. Anda I turn the handle anda I turn the handle anda I hit it anda I kick it, but I no get my condom, and I no getta my fifty cents back, and I not get to poco a poco with Mamma that night.

'Godfather, I want you to kill the guy who makes these condom machines that cheat us poor people out of our fifty cents. I want you to push his face down-a a waste disposal unit for me.'

Old Friend

'I wish I could do this thing,' I tell him, 'but he hasn't actually killed you. So I will find out who he is and I will have his arms broken and his legs torn off, and soup poured down his trousers.'

> 'After tea I road-test half-a-dozen of our newest whores, while doing a production analysis on our gambling operations, our numbers racket, our illegal betting joints, and the public libraries we do protection for . . .'

'Thank you, thank you, Godfather,' says Vittorio, as he backs out of the room.

Next is my old friend Mickey Mouse.

'Godfather,' he says. 'Fifty year I've been under contract to Uncle Walt, and now they want to retire me. They say I'm past it. And there's a part come up I want to play – it could break me into straight movies, and they won't even consider me for it!'

'What's the film?'

'King Lear,' he squeaks. 'It's by Shakespeare.'

'Don't you worry. I'll make him an offer he can't refuse . . .'

'What will that be, Godfather?'

'Either the mouse plays the Lear, or I cut off his ear. Or maybe . . . the mouse gets the part or we tear out his heart . . . Mouse plays the king or we'll rip off his thing . . . something like that.'

My old friend the Queen says she wants something being done about her daughter-in-law.

'It is getting so that one can hardly get on to the covers of *Woman's Own*!' she tells me.

'Lizzie, you been good to me – I'll take care of you all right. The photos will be in Club International next month, heh-heh-heh.' I laugh so much I nearly drop my cigar.

Last of my visitors is the Pope. He says he needs a favour, but I cut him off. 'Listen, Your Holiness! When you become the Pope do you come-a over here, and say: "Godfather shall we have some cake and tea?" Do you send your children to play with my children? Do you give me a cheque book made out on the Vatican bank and say: "Here, Godfather, help yourself?" And now you wanna my help? Geddoutahere, you no-good punk!'

I hate people that got no respect for their Godfather.

Then I take care of the family business for the day (that is to say, which of the family gets the business). Today it's my no-good son-in-law, Neapolitano Cornetto, whose balls I order splattered over the walls of the Men's Room in Luigi's Bar and Grill, because he was seen screwing a woman – not my daughter – while eating a Big Mac.

And I had warned him. 'If you don't eat pasta all the time, like I do, people willa think you got no respect!'

Now he's got no respect and no balls. Why couldn't my daughter have married a fine upstanding guy like Salvatore the Sicilian Strangler?

After tea I road-test half a dozen of our newest whores, while doing a production analysis on our gambling operations, our numbers racket, our illegal betting joints, and the public libraries we do protection for. Then I see my consigliori, or helper, Tom Hagan, about laundering money.

Hit Men

'This money,' I tell him, 'is getting my fingers dirty. I want it washed and ironed before I see it.' He says he will get down to it immediately, and despatches a couple of expressos, or hit men, to the launderette on the corner with 40 million in used bills. 'And don't come back till they're spotless!' he calls after them.

That reminds me. I am often asked exactly how my family business operates; what is the chain of command? Is simple. I am the Capo di Tuti Capi – the biggest of big bosses. Underneath me are my sons Fredo and Mario, who are Cappucinos, or lieutenants. Each Cappucino is in charge of five Sinatras and a Pinnochio. The family Pinnochios also take their orders from the Consigliori, Tom, or from the Dolce Vita, Quentin. A Dolce Vita outranks a Fellatio, except on feast days when a Fellatio is equal to two Gondolieri, a Picador, a Matador and half a dozen Sandinistas. An Antonioni is over a Cappucino and under a couple of Coppolas with a troupe of Ferraris and a Rigoletto downstairs. The legal department liaises with the Traviata, but is chiefly run by the Crescendo (or hit man), the Expresso (or hit man), the Carumba (or hit man) and the Poca a Poca (or pimp). So when the Adagio is a Fellatio or a Coluratura, the Mantovani assumes command, the Geppetto gives the orders, the Gelato cleans up the blood and the Dolce Vita cooks the pasta.

I am sure that that explains everything, no?

Dinner, I have with the family. More fucking pasta.

Horse's Head

Then, over dinner, I arrange for a horse's head to be left in Walt Disney's bed, and a horse's ass to be left in Ronald Reagan's (Nancy will never notice).

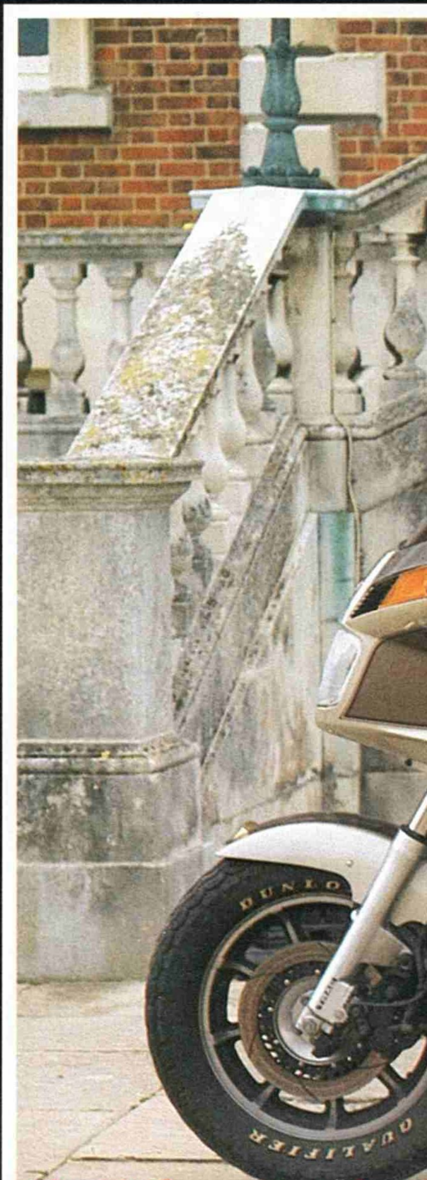
After I have eaten, I play with my grandchildren. We play traditional Sicilian children's games, such as Rip the tail off the Donkey, Pop goes the Squealer, Blind Man's Buff (with red-hot pokers), and finish with a quick game of Cops and Family, which ends when the cops have all been bought by the family.

Then I go to my bedroom, kneel down by my bed, and say my prayers. 'Please, God, let nothing happen to my family. I mean, it's a pretty good racket you got up there in Heaven, and you wouldn't want anything to happen to it, huh? I am saying that we are both businessmen, and I am sure we can be reasonable about these things, no?'

And so to bed, happy in the warm glow of another day spent with my family. *Neil Gaiman*

Illustrated by Dave Antony

You have to admit the Honda Aspencade doesn't look out of place in a setting like this. And if Geoffrey looks a bit glum, it's because he would rather be driving!



The T

p People's Motor Cycle

I headed on to the by-pass, cruising at a nice, steady 80. I looked at the digital clock and saw it was getting on for nine. It was dark, of course, and the winter rain had settled into a constant drizzle. The computerized trip meter told me I still had 83 miles to go, but I was nice and dry and my feet were warm. I turned Bruce Springsteen up a bit louder and sat back in my seat for the last leg of my trip home.

Such is life with the Honda Gold Wing Aspencade. And yes – it *is* a motor bike, even if that opening paragraph could easily have been about a Daimler or a Mercedes. It's a valid comparison, 'cause what you get when you buy an Aspencade is six-and-a-half thousand pound's worth of sheer, unadulterated luxury; a top people's motor cycle. There's so much crammed on to two wheels, it's difficult to know where to start, but here goes.

The heart of the matter, the bike's engine, is a 1182cc water-cooled, flat four unit that started life in the 1000cc Gold Wing all of 11 years ago. It's been refined over the years to the point where its reliability is now legendary, and you wonder if it's possible to experience anything smoother – top gear cruising between 50 and 100mph is like riding on air. The only other vehicle I've ever been in that's anything like it is a boyfriend's BMW 323i car. There is a slight buzz through the bars under hard acceleration or whenever the throttle is shut off, but it's only because the motor is otherwise so smooth that this becomes noticeable.

The huge spread of power available means you can forget about gearchanging at anything over 50 in top, except if some brisk overtaking is called for; then a change down to fourth gives that extra urge, and it surges forward very smoothly.

When you're in top gear, the digital gear indicator registers 'OD' – it actually stands for 'overdrive', not 'overdose', but it must be said a long, relaxing ride on the Aspencade definitely leaves you craving for your next fix. The Americans (this bike is actually built in the States) are addicted to it in a big way: Honda sell 20,000 Aspencades a year over there – 100 times more than in Britain!

You can tell just by looking at it that it's a big, heavy beast – it hits the scales at 724lbs dry – and it *is* a bit intimidating at first, especially for someone of my build! But most of the weight is low down (low-slung engine, underseat petrol tank), and it's actually a well-balanced lump. Even I could get both feet on the deck without any problem.

Experience

U-turns are another thing altogether, though, even if the turning circle is very good, thanks to the unrestricted lock of the handlebars. Choose your turning points carefully – and, for God's sake, don't let it fall over if you're on your own. If you do, it'll just have to stay there until some sumo wrestlers arrive.

Thankfully, however, it's surprisingly easy to haul on to the centre stand; easier, in fact, than many smaller, lighter bikes. But pushing it off the stand can be an experience – as I discovered the first time I stopped to fill up with petrol.

On my way back to the bike from the kiosk, quite a few disbelieving spectators ('How much does that cost then?' 'What's that thing there for?' 'Is that a radio?' 'Cor, it's like a car, innit?' 'Show us your tits!' etc) had gathered around the bike – something which Aspencade owners will simply just have to get used to.

I sauntered through the crowd and climbed aboard, trying to look ultra-cool. I pushed forward on the 'bars and the bike rocked on its stand, but never came near to rolling forward. Seven attempts later, my face red with exertion and embarrassment, I was forced to do the damsel in distress bit and ask one of the highly-amused onlookers to give me a push.

That little episode no doubt sparked off comments like: 'Well, a girl shouldn't be riding a thing like that, anyway,' but a big biker mate

HONDA
1200
DUNLOP
QUALIFIER

Thanks to the huge carrying capacity, taking along changes of gear on the Aspencade is made easy; there's enough space for a complete wardrobe in there.

of mine had exactly the same problem, so there!

Giving my mate a go on it gave me a chance to try out the pillion seat. And it really is the ultimate in passenger comfort: added to the thick, plush seat, there's a padded backrest, armrests and big footboards. I can just picture Aspencade owners taking the Sunday papers out to the garage to read them in comfort.

The list of equipment which comes as standard on this bike is enough to make most car drivers green with envy. Cop this lot:

The fairing (of which more later) houses a Panasonic auto-reverse cassette deck/AM and FM radio, with the speakers in either side of the fairing. It's a classy system, and much better than some of those fitted in so-called 'luxury' cars. As well as the standard volume knob, there's an automatic volume control which means the faster you go, the louder the music gets. How *much* louder depends on the setting of the auto volume control, but a cassette can be heard in crystal clear clarity at 100mph.

Radio reception depends on where you happen to be (and with the Aspencade you're never in one place for very long), but network stereo channels are generally excellent. As well as the preset channels on the unit itself, there's an auto search switch on the left handlebar which automatically seeks out the next strongest signal when flicking up or down.

Full Strength

And if – as John from Honda put it – you sound like an ice-cream van going through town, simply press the 'mute' button; this dampens down the sound until you reach the open road again. Then you can bring The Eurythmics back to full strength to terrorize the wildlife.

No need to worry about the hi-fi getting nicked, either – the whole unit comes out in your hand at a simple turn of the ignition key. A plastic cover is provided to fill the empty space.

For an extra 50 quid or so, you can buy a two-helmet intercom system so you and your passenger can keep the music to yourselves. If you want to whisper sweet nothings in each other's helmets, the music automatically fades into the background.

Still in the fairing, ladies and gentlemen, we have the air compressor. At the push of a button, you can alter the front or rear suspension setting, up or down, and check the reading on the instrument console. And by using the lead supplied, you can inflate the tyres – again at the push of a button – or even a rubber doll, if that's what you're into. But I should point out a rubber doll is one thing that isn't offered as standard equipment on the Honda . . .

The lockable top box and panniers are the ultimate in quality, no doubt about it, and there's enough storage space to take the week's shopping and the laundry. Smart shoulder bag-style inner bags come as standard, so you can easily remove your gear in one go. In the lid of the topbox, there's a vanity mirror with a make-up compartment hidden behind. Came in quite handy, that did.

The instrument console is right out of *Star Trek*. Everything's liquid crystal display, including the trip meter I mentioned earlier, which you can set to a pre-set mileage from which it can count either up or down. For example, if you know your destination is 100 miles away, set the meter to 100. As it counts down, you'll know exactly how far there is to go, and whether or not it's worth stopping to change cassettes.

But even without the hi-fi, the vanity mirror and the hi-tech instruments, the Aspencade is still an amazing bike to ride. I've mentioned the smoothness and the broad spread of power. Top speed is around 115mph, which might not sound much, but you can cruise at over the ton all day in perfect comfort, because of the A1 fairing. There's no strain on arms, chest or neck whatsoever, and you'll be kept

HONDA
1200
QUALIFIER

The transformation is complete. The Lady of Beaven Towers is suddenly ready to audition for a part in the re-make of Easy Rider . . .

dry in all but the heaviest downpours. Your feet are kept so snug and warm, you can ride in training shoes all the time.

Me? Well, forget the training shoes – I thought I'd be a bit different. As soon as I was out of sight of my home (see pictures) and my 'man' Geoffrey, I changed into some gear that definitely wasn't in keeping with the posh bike. Do you think it becomes me . . .?

After a few miles of getting used to it, you soon realize the Aspencade – with or without the Easy Rider gear – isn't just a straight-line motorway cruiser; it corners well if you treat the monster with the respect it deserves. Line up the corner with a bit of forward planning (never a bad idea on *any* bike) and it'll get you through no problem. Potholes and craters in the road were soaked up so easily by the suspension, I even stopped trying to avoid them!

It goes without saying that a lump this size needs shit-hot brakes, and that's exactly what the Aspencade has – three ventilated twin-piston caliper discs with anti-dive. By pressing the foot pedal, the braking power is automatically divided between one of the front discs and the rear one, and that usually provides more than enough stopping power for riding through town. The handlebar lever operates the other front disc.

You really can't fail to be impressed by the Aspencade, but is it worth it? After all, you can buy two good 750s for the same money. Well, the answer has to be 'yes'. It would've been easy for Honda to sell it for a lot less, but only at the expense of quality. As it is, they've skimped on nowt. It would be nigh on perfect if only it came equipped with a six-foot blond hunk to push it off the main stand for me . . . *Dawn Beaven*

Dawn's Bell 'Star' helmet (£125) courtesy of Rivetts of London Ltd, 234/6/8 High Road, Leytonstone, London E11.

Bikers – you must wear a helmet while riding on public roads; Dawn's pictures were taken on private land.

Honda GL1200 Gold Wing Aspencade

Engine: 1182cc flat four, four stroke. Liquid-cooled. Maximum power 94bhp @ 7000rpm, maximum torque 77ft/lbs @ 5000rpm.
Transmission: Four-speed plus overdrive gearbox. Final drive by shaft.
Performance: Top speed 115mph (approx.). Average fuel consumption 39.46mpg.
Price: £6429 inc. car tax and VAT.
Warranty: Twelve months unlimited mileage.
Importer: Honda UK Ltd, Power Road, Chiswick, London W4 5YT.

READERS WRITES

continued from page 6

her fanny.

We finally separated. I rolled the condom down my slackening prick and wiped the lingering spunk with a tissue. Then she demanded a final kiss of my cock before we settled into a satisfied slumber.

Garry, Bedford

Shower Thing!

Three cheers for A K of Camberwell for drawing your attention to the lack of wet women in Club International. The resulting *Shower Power* pictures in Vol 14 No 12 were a joy to behold: never let it be said that Club doesn't respond to its readers' requests!

Wet women is one of my favourite things in life, and all the five girls featured really gave me the horn. If I had to choose one, though, it would have to be Hayley – for managing to look so bloody randy. I don't know how often your readers tell you this, or how true it is, but I genuinely sloped off upstairs with my Kleenex – and the magazine – as soon as I had seen those fantastic pictures.

It also made me determined to get my girlfriend under a shower (with me, of course) at all costs. I don't have one at my flat, but she has one of those luxury fitted numbers at her house, which would have been just the job. Only thing is – she still lives with her parents, and they hardly ever go out. That's why all our screwing is done round at my place.

Sandra's great, and I'm really hooked on her, but – well, she's a wee bit straight when it comes to sex, so I didn't know how she'd take it when I told her what I desperately wanted to do.

I didn't tell her where I got the inspiration for the idea, as she doesn't know I read Club, but I was amazed when her face lit up and she said how great it sounded. Right – that was that out of the way, but now the difficult bit: how do we get rid of mum and dad?

An attempt to persuade them that they'd really *love* to go and see *Rambo* at the local fleapit was a dismal failure, as was every other subtle suggestion that Sandra threw their way. It got to the stage where I could think of nothing else, which is why I eventually agreed to the scheme which *did* eventually clear the way for us. Sandra told me their wedding anniversary was coming soon, and if we booked a table for them at a restaurant, they'd *have* to go. I'd have to pay for half of it, but I agreed: I reckoned it would be well worth the £15.

Her parents were delighted with "Sandra's" surprise present, and agreed with my suggestion that they should leave a good hour before the time their table was booked for, so they could have a drink beforehand. The coast was now clear.

While Sandra was in her bedroom getting undressed, I turned the shower on and waited till I was sure the water was at the right temperature. I was really sexed up at this point, and thought there might be a danger of my spunking before we'd even got wet.

Wet and wonderful women – a sure-fire winner

I went into the bedroom to see Sandra standing in only her black bra and black silk panties. She was an impressive sight. Sandra's 23, with dark, chestnut hair and eyes to match. Her complexion is snowy white and she has nice 36-inch tits and long, straight legs which are crowned by a lovely arse which is big, but not *too* big.

I went over to her and unclipped her bra. I gave her white breasts a gentle bite. Then I slipped her panties off and rubbed her pussy to see if she was damp. As usual, she was. She started to undress me by undoing my trousers and fairly wrenching them off me. She stared at my hard-on peering over the top of my underpants before pulling my T-shirt off.

As she did that, another bright idea entered my head, and I put my T-shirt on *her* (one Miss Wet T-shirt coming up). She then took my pants off, and it was off to the waiting shower.

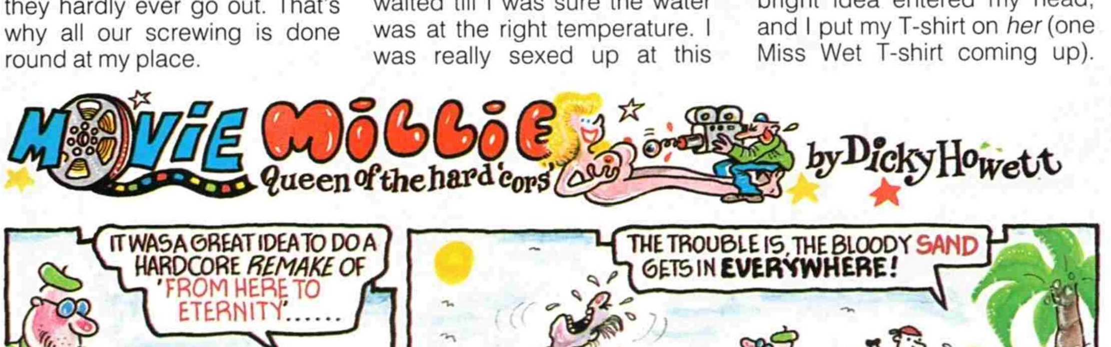
Once under the warm spray, we embraced tightly and started necking. The feel and the sweet smell of Sandra's lovely wet body was driving me almost to the point of distraction. I pulled her T-shirt from the back so her thrusting nipples were glaringly visible through the soaking material. My cock was twitching like mad.

She smoothed her dark, shiny hair over her head and gave me the look with those eyes that I know and love so well! She took hold of my prick and lathered it with the shower gel which was sitting on the soap tray. She started massaging it with both hands, but I had to stop her or I would have spent all over the place.

I pushed her against the cubicle wall and guided myself into her wet (inside and out) hole. Gently at first, but getting faster and deeper, I started fucking her. For the first time ever, I started to scream out loud when I felt my orgasm coming, and Sandra yelled out: 'Me too! Me too!' We both climaxed together and I can say quite easily that I had never before experienced such sheer bliss.

At £15, it was without doubt the most expensive shower I've ever had, but it was worth ten times that. Even thinking about the occasion is the easy way to an orgasm now – with or without Sandra. So I really can't thank you enough for adding a new dimension to my sex life. More shower power to your elbow!

Mick, Stoke-on-Trent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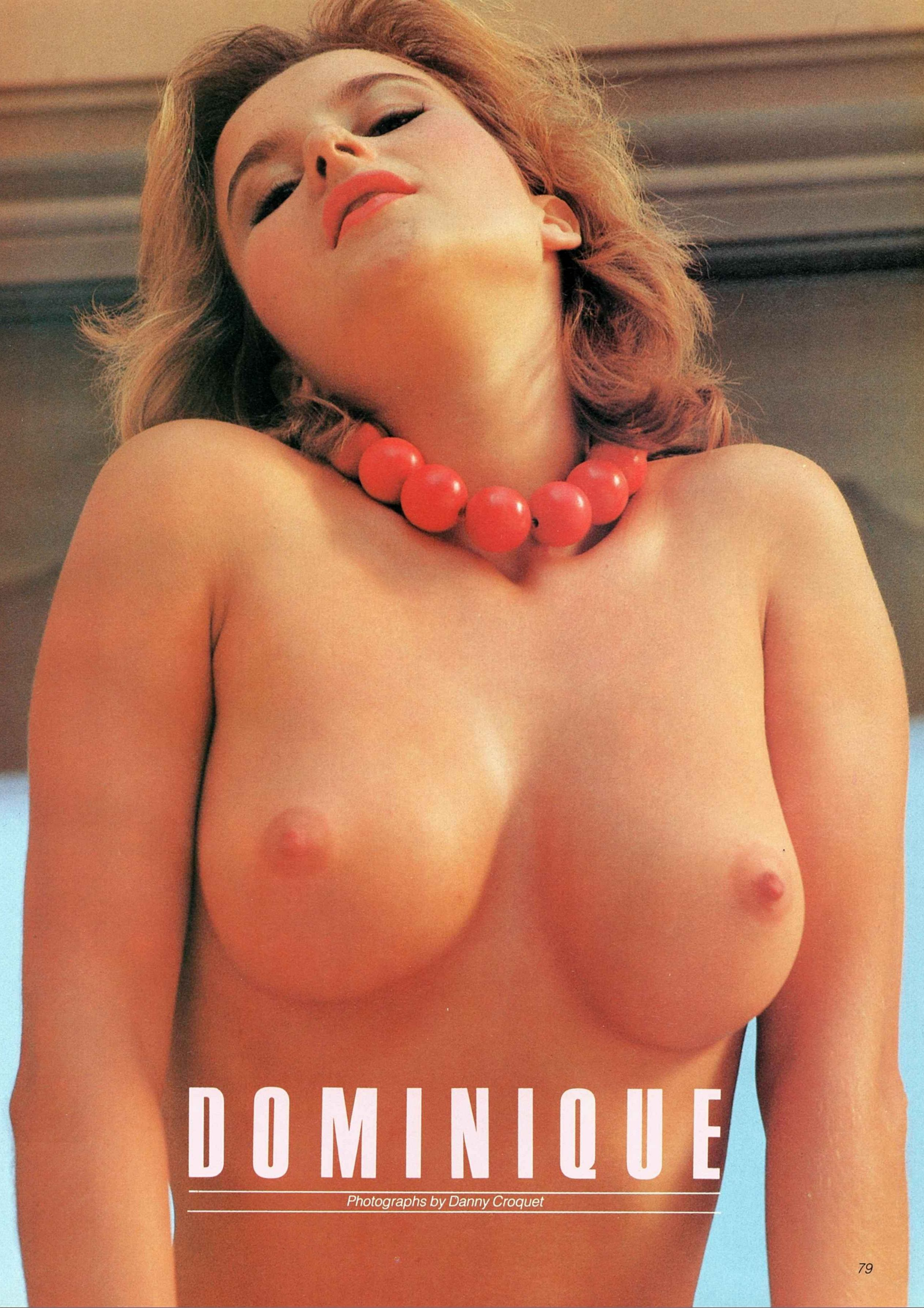
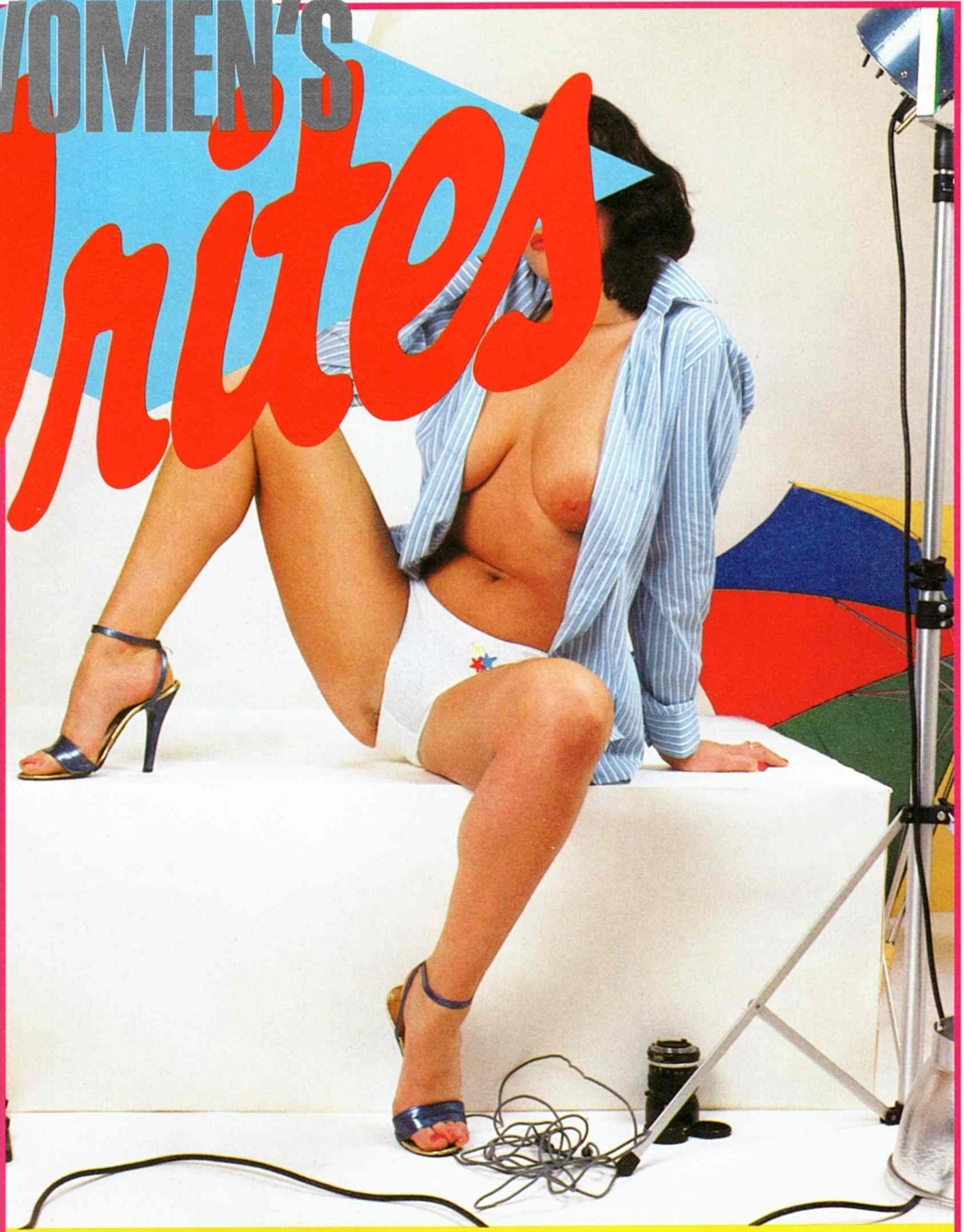


DOMINIQUE

Photographs by Danny Croquet

WOMEN'S Writes

Our women readers reveal their indiscretions and get their sexy secrets off their chests.



Gradually, he got us to pose in more and more contorted positions

Tanya and Susie prove in no uncertain terms that twins really do work as a team . . .

Tanya and I are twins, but you can tell us apart. She has a mole on her left buttock.

It's true what they say about twins. We're very in tune with each other and can guess what the other's thinking – usually because we're thinking the same thing. We share the same interests and hobbies – and sometimes the same men!

We love going to night clubs dressed up to the nines in backless numbers that leave nothing to the imagination. It's great fun watching all the men's eyes slowly peel what's left off our bodies. And you can bet your life the majority of them are all thinking the same thing: '*I wonder what it would be like to fuck them both at the same time*?'

I can remember when we first had a little threesome. We'd gone to somebody's 21st birthday party. Tanya and I were both in between fellas at the time and, of course, we were on a man hunt. The booze was flowing freely and the party was turning into a riot. So far, we hadn't found anything to set our interest alight. Trouble was, the guys were either with girls or not worth the bother.

There we were, standing by the drinks table, watching everyone start to wreck the place. 'This is going to get out of control soon,' I warned Tanya.

Deep Voice

Just then, a deep male voice interrupted us. 'Tell me I haven't had too much to drink. I'm seeing double!'

How many times had we heard that opening line before! Usually we'd say: 'You're drunk!' but tonight the words froze on both our lips. That was because the male voice belonged to the most gorgeous thing on two legs. Tanya gave me an 'I fancy him' look, while mine said: 'Toss you for him.' But he saved us the trouble by putting an arm around each of us and leading us off into the kitchen.

'I was only joking back there,' he told us, but not releasing our bodies from his tight grasp. 'Listen, I'm a photographer . . .'

Tanya and I didn't let him finish, but burst out laughing. 'If we had a pound for every time some guy's said that to us, we'd be rich,' I giggled.

'Straight up; I *am*,' he protested. He showed us his card, and he let go of Tanya to search through his pockets. We both gave his business card a long scrutiny, but we still didn't quite believe him. I mean, anyone could have business cards printed up saying anything they liked.

'Okay, it looks like you two need some convincing. My studio's just two doors away. Come back and look at my equipment,' he challenged. Well, the party was turning into a right mess and we reckoned we'd be safe. After all, it'd be two against one.

Ron wasn't lying. He had a huge room full of all the latest gadgets. 'I'd really like to photograph you girls,' he asked right away. 'Just a few test shots. I think you could both make great models.'

With that kind of flattery, how could we refuse? Ron started getting all his gear ready – turning on powerful lights and laying a huge coloured dhurrie on the floor. 'Can you both sit down on that together?' He began sounding all professional.

Lingered

We found out Ron used to be a model, too. 'But I much prefer being behind the lens,' he explained. 'Can you pull your skirt up a bit higher, Tanya? Yeah, that's it.'

As Ron clicked away, he got us to pose this way and that. Often he'd come over to us and adjust straps and clothing. I noticed his fingers always lingered over my breasts. And when he was adjusting Tanya's dress he ran his hand all the way up her thigh and grabbed her bum.

Soon it was getting really hot under the studio lights. Ron had already discarded his jacket and next off came his shirt, revealing bronzed, hardened muscles. It seemed the most natural thing in the world. So much so, that Tanya and I didn't think twice when he came over and slowly pulled both our dresses over our heads.

Tanya was wearing black, seamed stockings attached to a basque, which did up with tiny ribbons in the front. Ron undid the top bow and her full breasts half fell out. Me? Well, I rarely wear a bra and had on crotchless knickers and no tights that night.

Ron got me on to all fours with my bum to the camera, but bending so's the material in my panties spread open, revealing my cunt. Then he got Tanya to sit astride my back, but facing the camera. 'Now, I want both your lovely faces to show on this shot,' Ron advised, 'so, Susie, can you turn around to look at me? Oh, yes, Tanya – bend forward more so your breasts look as if they're falling out of the basque.'

Gradually, he got us to pose in more and more contorted positions and we lost the rest of our clothes along the way. Next, Ron added an extension lead on to his camera which had a small switch on the end. Then he took off the rest of his clothes. We watched in amazement as he did a sort of male stripper act with his thong, which barely covered his balls, let alone his now aroused manhood. Then he joined us on the rug.

We rolled him over on to his back and I sat astride his knees while Tanya sat perched on his chest. I moved my mouth to his hard-on and began sucking while she moved her clit over his mouth to his probing tongue.

Throaty Noises

We all moved and throbbed in rhythm, with Ron clicking the switch which activated the camera. Tanya was making throaty noises as Ron's tongue probed her labia. Ron's prick was more than a mouthful for me as I caressed it till it was stiff as iron.

The time was right and I shifted myself, lowering my lubricated cunt over Ron's erection. I went down and down, until his column had penetrated deep into my vagina.

Tanya and I seemed to be bouncing up and down at the same pace and she seemed to sense when I began to move faster and faster. Together we grinded and wriggled, sat atop Ron. I could feel waves of arousal taking me over.

Just then Ron removed his face from Tanya's pussy and let out a loud growl. I felt his hot sperm shooting and overflowing out of me.

He recovered himself enough to keep on stimulating Tanya with his tongue, while his fingers now sought my clit to finish me off. As I said, as twins we do everything together. As Tanya let out a loud moan, I shrieked in ecstasy. Then we both slumped over Ron's body.

Yonks later, Tanya looked up dreamily and watched Ron, still naked, sorting out his camera.

'Oh shit,' we heard him exclaim, 'I forgot to load film into the camera!'

'Not to worry, Ron,' we chanted in unison. 'We'll have a replay!'

Susie, Mansfield

Gill and a family friend put in a really vintage performance for the benefit of the video camera . . .

My husband's friend, Bill, has always been a bit of a dirty bugger. He's got a well-thumbed collection of sex magazines and porno photographs which he gets out at the drop of a hat whenever anyone goes round there and he's just sex mad. It's not a case of all talk and no action with Bill, either; he's usually got two or three attractive women in tow.

Bill's latest thing is his video camera. He was boasting to Jeff, my hubby, about it and Jeff told him he'd never get the hang of being able to use it, and what would he film with it, anyway? Jeff and I had a good laugh about Bill prowling the streets, trying to shove his lens through people's bedroom curtains, or crawling on his hands and knees into the park bushes. But Bill turned out to have a lot more talent than I'd expected . . .

I'd reluctantly agreed to go round to Bill's with Jeff for a drink one night. When we got there, some other people we knew were there – Connie and Dave, and Bill's latest bird; a plump, well-endowed young thing at least 20 years younger than Bill.

We all had quite a lot to drink, and Bill was showing off his filming gadgets. 'Go on, give us a demonstration,' Dave urged him, so he got his lights and loaded his camera and shot some film of us boozy lot waving our glasses at the lens.

Then Connie and Dave started larking around. He pulled up her skirt and showed her knickers to the camera, then dropped his trousers and mooned, while Bill captured it all on film and we shrieked with laughter. Then Sandra, Bill's bird, got in on the act by pulling up her sweatshirt and showing off her tits.

Horrified

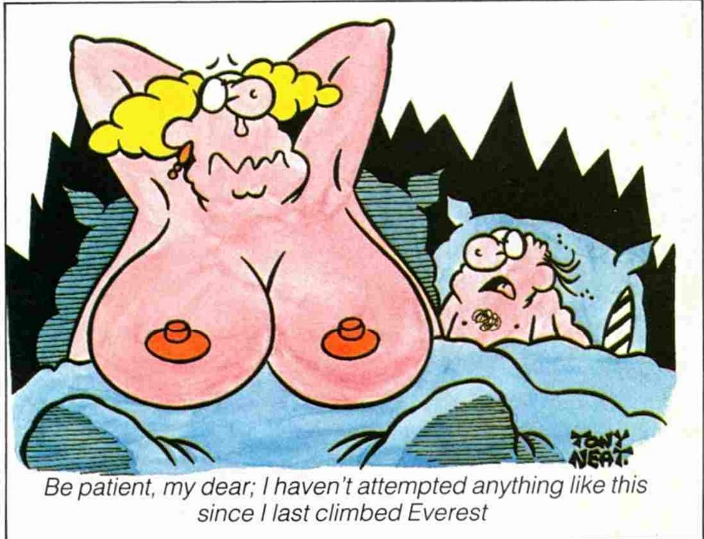
'Come on, Gill, how about you?' dared Jeff.

'You first,' I insisted – and was horrified and shocked when he unzipped his fly, got his cock out and waved it around. I could see Connie's and Sandra's eyes staring at it and felt quite proud of my husband's thick, veiny, muscular member. Not to be outdone, I bravely dropped my drawers and mooned like Dave, but that little bitch Sandra grabbed me and twirled me round so that the lens caught my pubes in all their bushy glory.

Lashed Out

I was furious and lashed out at her. She hit back at me and the two of us started wrestling, though I was somewhat hampered with my panties round my ankles. All the time we were mauling at each other, I could hear Bill's camera whirring and this made me even angrier, so I pulled at Sandra's sweatshirt and it ripped, exposing her full breasts.

I risked a look round – no one was trying to stop us – and noticed that both Dave and Jeff were playing with their cocks, quite openly, while Connie was sitting there, sipping her drink and watching. I grabbed Sandra by the shoulders and heaved, and she went flying towards the sofa and landed with her head in Dave's lap and her face right across his cock. The next second, it was obvious she'd recovered enough to begin sucking it . . . and, to my complete amazement, Jeff had turned to Connie and had his



Be patient, my dear; I haven't attempted anything like this since I last climbed Everest

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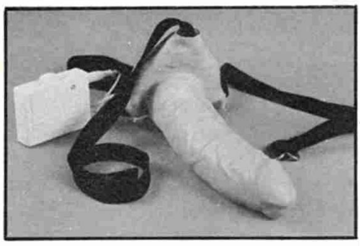

STRAP-ON VIBE

This unique strap-on vibrating dildo penis will give her a night she'll remember forever. Designed to provide those instant inches, the Strap-On is available both hollow and solid, each with a remote power control unit with extra long cord for added mobility. Exquisitely sculptured in flexible latex to give your lover that "real feel".

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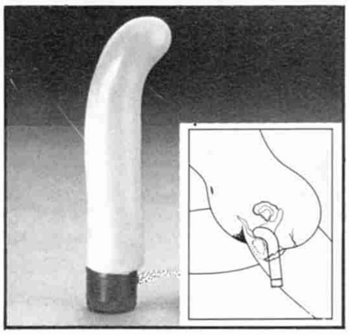

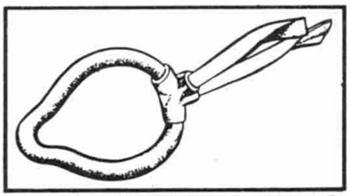

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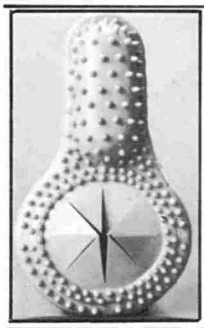

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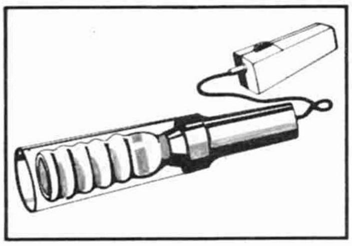

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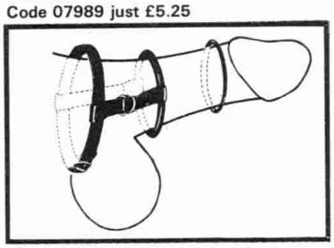

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A totally unique new erection aid with a self-contained vibrator. It's absolutely incredible! All you do is slide it over the head and down the shaft of your penis. It adjusts to fit you perfectly and when you turn on the self-contained, battery-powered mini-vibrator you'll discover in an instant why this miracle device can make you the sexual legend you always dreamed of being! The throbbing vibrations are not only a stimulation for your growing erection, the powerful pulsations come in direct contact with a woman's clitoris every time you thrust yourself inside her.

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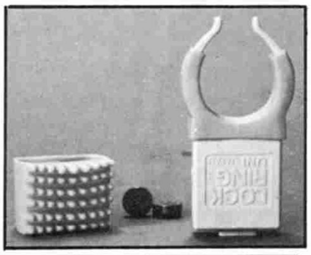

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WOMEN'S Writes

She hit back at me and the two of us started wrestling

hand up her skirt. By his rhythmic movements, I could tell he was frigging her cunt with his fingers.

Talk about feeling left out! Then I became aware that, although the camera was still whirring, it was sitting on a tripod and Bill was no longer manning it. He was walking towards me, fumbling at his flies. My eyes came out on stalks when he hauled out a monster cock of at least ten inches in length, wide with it, and a pair of extremely hairy balls.

I gasped, and Bill grinned lecherously. He continued to walk towards me with that great length sticking out at right angles. When he reached me, he grabbed my hand and wrapped it round his weapon and proceeded to show me just how he liked to be wanked – with slow, hard, quite rough strokes.

Close Embrace

Glancing round, I noticed nobody else was actually fucking, although there was plenty of sucking and groping going on. But I wanted to fuck Bill . . . oh, boy, did I! I felt quite weak at the prospect. But what about my husband? How would he feel?

Bill shoved the huge head of his prick up my skirt and nudged my satin-pantied crotch. I opened my legs wide and he pressed into me, almost shagging me through the white satin; I could feel the material straining.

'Oh God, fuck me, please!' I groaned, gripping his hips. His answer was to manoeuvre his cock up the elastic of my knicker leg. To anyone else, it would have looked as if we were just locked in a close embrace and my skirt had got lightly rucked up.

I closed my eyes as his blind length butted around, seeking entrance to my well-lubricated fanny. Then I gasped as suddenly he was inside me and the walls of my cunt were straining to accommodate his enormous cock. We stood there jammed together, his mouth on mine, forcing my lips apart as he tore into me. Then he stayed still, twitching his cock inside me with strong jerks which drove me to a frenzy. He began vibrating it inside me – not with long strokes, but a series of extremely fast little ones, as if he were quivering all over. It was as if a giant vibrator was buzzing against my love bud – but it was real hot, hard flesh!

Suddenly I felt myself coming and sank my teeth into his neck and the quick, unexpected pain made him jerk forward. Then I felt that hot rush as his spunk came squirting and splashing out into my burning pussy.

Flushed Face

When he withdrew, I felt his come soaking my panties and wetting the insides of my thighs. I made an excuse to go up to the loo . . . and encountered Jeff on the landing. He took one look at my flushed face, then put his hand up my skirt. There was no hiding the fact that I had pints of spunk running out of me. I thought at first he was going to hit me – but no. Instead, he pushed me roughly down on to the carpet tore off my panties and shoved a hard and throbbing erection right up my slippery, wet hole, fucking me with hard, violent thrusts that had me arching my back and crying out as I had a mind-blowing climax.

I went home that night with two lots of come still trickling from my aching cunt, and knowing that a lot of that sexy evening was waiting on film for us all to view next time we went to Bill's – when doubtless there will be an even wilder orgy for his lens to capture. I'm really looking forward to it.

Gill, Wednesbury

Sarah explains in detail just why she's earned herself a very special title . . .

I thought you might like to know how I have gained the title of Blow Job Queen. Not having anyone to compare myself to, apart from Linda Lovelace, I never thought I was particularly good at it, or that I did anything unusual, until several men commented on my prowess. And ever since then, I've made a point of asking my partners what it is that makes me so outstandingly good, so now I feel I can describe my technique in some detail.

Mouth Service

When I was a teenager, it was the custom among the girls to give a guy a hand job if they didn't fancy fucking him. Well, nobody told me that, and when I was in the middle of my first heavy petting session and the boy suddenly began rubbing the big, fleshy head of his prick against my lips, I found it quite natural to open my mouth and take it in. After that, I started offering my mouth service automatically – and nobody ever turned me down!

I had a wonderful oral session just recently. It gives me a real turn-on to do it to somebody who not only is unaware of my reputation, but is also not expecting to have their cock suddenly sucked into a warm and willing mouth. I also like doing it in public or semi-public places – and on this particular occasion all of these circumstances came together.

I was walking to the station with a male colleague from the office, and decided to take a detour along the South Bank of the Thames. We stopped at the National Film Theatre to have a

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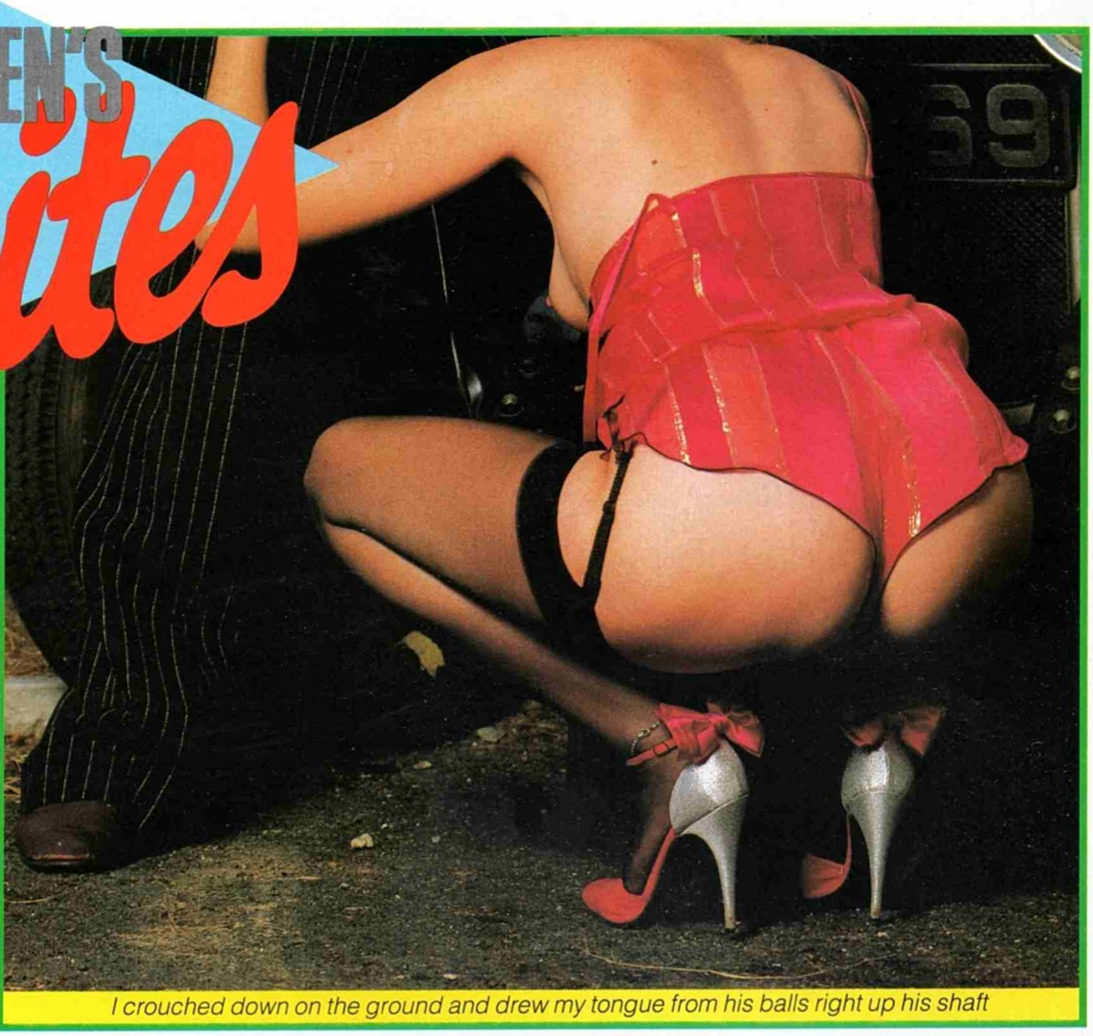
WOMEN'S Writes



I crouched down on the ground and drew my tongue from his balls right up his shaft

drink and as I looked at this sober-suited, very serious-minded man, my head filled up with naughty thoughts as I started imagining what the cock inside his pin-striped trousers must be like. I wondered what he would do if I suddenly sank my head on to his lap and began sucking his cock in front of all the people who were walking by. The thought hit me so strongly that I could feel the juices gathering in my cunt.

Embarrassed

I knew that if I was going to be able to do anything to him, I'd need to get him in the mood, so, while we were talking, I let my hand rest casually on his thigh. Then, as if making a point in our conversation, I slid it up towards his fly and was gratified to see a bulge starting. I let my hand stay there and he pretended not to notice. At the same time, he was getting pink in the face and beginning to shift a little on his seat as the coiled-up length inside his trousers got harder.

We had finished our drink by then, and I suggested we went. I could tell he was embarrassed to stand up because of his condition, so I walked slightly in front of him, making sure his thigh bumped against my behind and kept his erection going.

Those buildings on the South Bank always seem to have car parks and pillars behind them, so I steered him towards a gap in the concrete pillars, then pulled him to a halt. He was just starting to ask me why we'd stopped, when I made the reason obvious by pressing myself against him, then sliding my hand down to feel his throbbing lump. Without saying a word, I unzipped his trousers, felt gently for his cock and pulled it out. In one swift movement, I crouched down on the ground and drew my hot, wet tongue from his balls right up his shaft, flicking briefly at his gleaming knob.

He clutched at my hair and shuddered as I circled my tongue all round the fleshy end of his circumcized penis, paying particular attention to the sensitive ridge. Without using my hands at all, I sucked so that his entire prick was enveloped in my mouth, right down to the root, then I stuck out my tongue to lap his balls in quick, darting movements.

I felt his prick jerk and twitch and grow even harder as I sucked up and down on his shaft in quicker and quicker movements, varying the intensity of the suck and flicking my tongue against him all the time.

Excitement

He kept saying he was worried that somebody might see, and his fear just increased my excitement and made me move my head even more frantically. It really did turn me on, thinking that I'd never even kissed this man, yet here I was crouching down on a London pavement giving him a furtive and expert blow job.

I kept up the regular rhythm, and, every so often, I took my mouth right off him, gave his glistening glans a swirling lick, and plunged my mouth down again, giving the ridge round the head a teasing brush with my teeth. I was so turned on now that I had one hand up my skirt and was wanking myself at the same time, rubbing my clit while sucking his penis so hard that I guessed that soon I would be sucking all the semen out of his hard, firm balls.

I gave his balls another licking, then turned my head sideways and slid my teeth gently right along the biggest ridge that ran up the underside of his cock. Then, opening my throat really wide, I sucked in his complete length and clamped my lips hard round the base of his cock. That's when I felt those tell-tale quivers and convulsions begin. He took my head in his hands and jammed it down on his shaft and I felt a great wash of hot liquid against the back of my throat as his hot, thick spunk came jetting out and I had to swallow it.

When the last drop had been drained, I stood up, wiped my lips, straightened my clothes and said to my still-shaking colleague: 'Well, I think we'd better be getting to the station.' I wonder how many men on that platform had hard-ons having witnessed our performance on their way to catch their train? I wouldn't have minded giving them some relief between stations . . . *Sarah, London SE16*

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SARA KEAYS
The day Mrs Thatch
burned m
fathe

Anyone for tennis? You would be if Helen challenged you to a quick game, set and match – even if she would probably lead you a merry dance around the court. Helen, you see, is a bit handy with the old racquet.

'I suppose it's because I like hitting balls hard,' she laughs. 'But, seriously, I love playing tennis all the year round – not just the few weeks either side of Wimbledon. And that bloody annoys me: during the summer, you can't get near the courts for those wankers who don't know the difference between a cross-court volley and a cross-Channel ferry.'

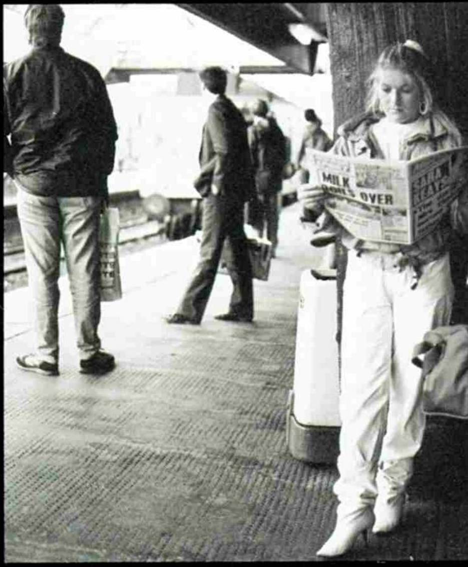
Off court, Helen does a bit of promotion work in and around her home town of Stockport, near Manchester, drawing locals' attention to the delights of a new wine bar, or a sports shop pushing its early/mid/end of season sale. Sometimes she's taken home more than her week's wages, too.

'Yes, I get chatted up all the time. It *can* be a bit of a pain sometimes, but we do have some really nice guys up here, you know, and I've had a couple of dates out of it.'

Helen was the first to agree, though, that her date with the *Club Chance* team was the one not to miss. As such, she turned up *chez* our Manchester photographer in plenty of time for make-up wizard Dean to do her stuff. And the end results are pretty damn good, don't you think?

Advantage Helen.

Photographs by Paul Diamond



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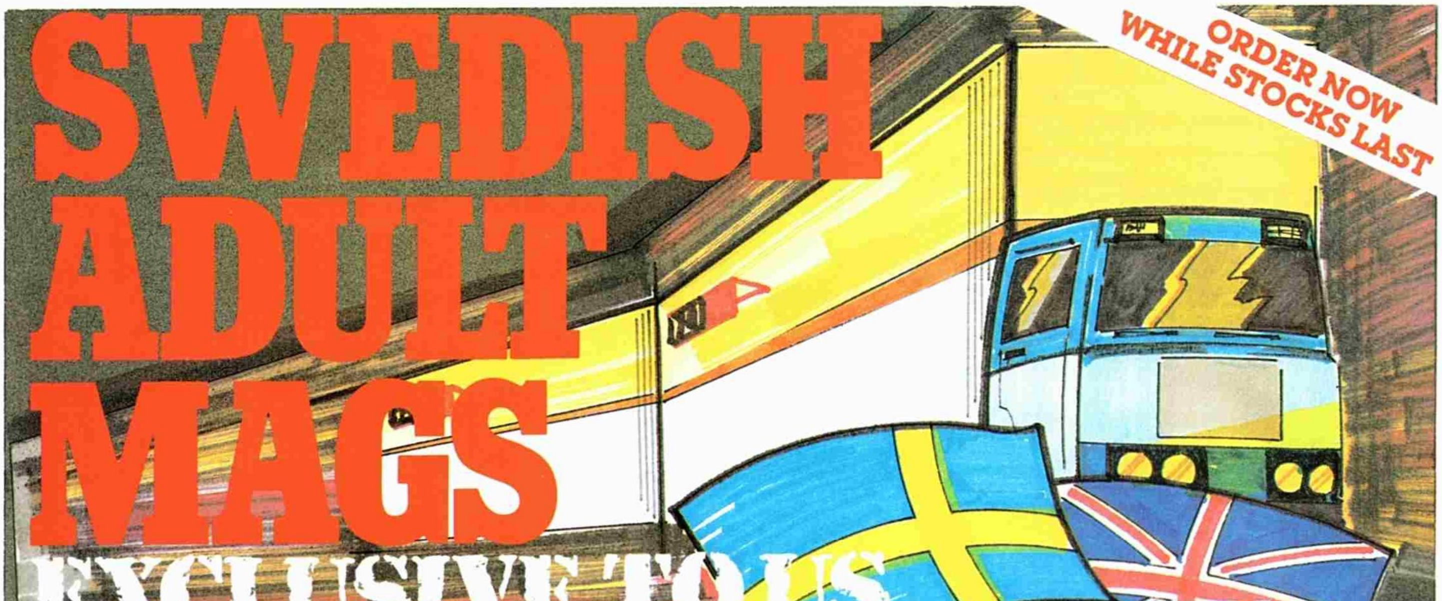

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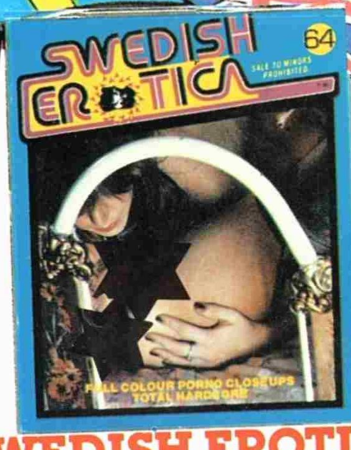

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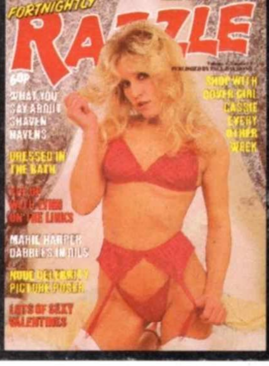
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